The Demands of Power *Raymond Aron*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

March 30, 1963, 35 cents

Eastern Europe Today

James F. Brown

Alice B. Toklas on Her Own

Joseph Barry

America the Backward?

The Editors

Publishing the News

James Reston *Murray Kempton*

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

But Don't Mention S - x

★ Victorians were amusing prudes; that's when legs became "limbs" and chicken breasts "white meat" and yet, for all that, dear, delightful sex came breaking through. We wonder if today we aren't just as prudish.

Take Mr. Kennedy's fine visit to the six countries of Central America where everything was discussed, we are told, in the frankest manner: economics, Castroism, US aid, and the like. What was left out? – why, to be sure, sex. In Central America, sex equates to population explosion, and the six countries there are "the fastest growing in the world today," according to Bob Cook of the Population Reference Bureau.

There are 13 million people in the small area already, and the annual growth rate is 3.6 percent (world rate 1.8 percent), which means doubling every 20 years. In a century there would be five geometrical progressions, with a Central American population by AD 2063 of 416 millions. This is preposterous, of course; it can't happen, it will be checked by war, revolution, starvation or maybe parenthood planning, but until it is done, US aid is not apt to be very efficacious.

Was this subject raised? It wasn't on the official agenda, an absence which Mr. Cook terms "shocking." It was amusing to read the journalistic prose that rolled out of the gathering from reporters who were just as carefully looking away from sex as the principals. In the great Presidential ceremonial if somebody had whispered, "Birth Control," the whole thing would have collapsed.

Meanwhile we read that Illinois has authorized dissemination of birth control information throughout the state to relief recipients, the great majority of whom live in Chicago.

Turning Our Back

★ We have a feeling that a tremendous head of steam is building up in Congress, for a reexamination of US foreign policy, of which the cutting edge will be an attack on foreign aid, the motivating force economic problems at home, and the release trigger, exasperation with General de Gaulle.

All the chemicals are gathered for an explosion which may rumble on for a year or longer and leave US foreign policy greatly changed. America's gold is still flowing out; our balance of payments is adverse due to troops overseas and foreign aid; we have an economic pinch compared to Europe's boom; we are shouldering the major share of nuclear development, the UN, NATO, and the like, and now the Common Market (after excluding Britain) is slapping tariffs on US farm exports starting with poultry, and seems likely to continue down the list.

This situation doesn't give TRB any pleasure, but we report it because we think it is getting big and perhaps unmanageable. Theoretically the blunt-spoken Clay report is supposed to suggest changes in foreign aid that will make it more palatable to Congress; the way things are going, we are not sure that it won't be used as an argument against *all* foreign aid.

A good deal of this reaction was inevitable, but General de Gaulle has accentuated it; we have never heard angrier growls from Congressmen. We suspect that foreign aid is only the beginning and the situation will bring a sweeping re-examination of our relations with NATO and Western Europe. It may make most of the other stories in Washington look like peanuts.

Many of the stories here are beginning to wear thin anyway. The biggest political dud in a long while was the Republican effort to get mileage out of the Billie Sol Estes case. Now they are trying to do something with "managed news," which is legitimate enough but has been around a long time. It takes a very naïve person to put much stock in the "economy" drive. Our impression is that people are getting rather bored with Cuba. There is also a titanic three-sided battle going on for mastery between Defense Secretary McNamara, the Pentagon Brass, and the Senate investigating committee over the TFX $6.5 billion plane contract, but we guess McNamara will win this one before long.

Affluent Society?

★ We talked about ABC's Howard K. Smith last week, and now note that he will receive the Alfred I. duPont $1,000 award as "outstanding commentator of 1962." Smith is the man who, on a recent broadcast, observed that the US permits a wastage of human resources "that no other major nation, free or Communist, is permitting itself," and listed these items:

We have the highest unemployment rate by far;

15-20 percent of our industrial plant capacity is unused and idle;

As a result we are losing an increment of $30 billions of wealth that is due to the American people each year.

Between 30 and 40 million Americans live in a state described as "poverty," either jobless or very badly paid and without hope.

More than three-quarters of a million people drop out of school before finishing high school each year, due to lack of money or motivation.

Of those who finish high school, a quarter million of the brightest graduates fail each year to go on to college for lack of funds or motivation.

And finally, our crime rate, says the FBI, is rising five times as fast as our population in overcrowded slums with no jobs available.

Strong stuff? Yes, and accurate, too. Almost alone Smith has practiced untrammeled TV journalism, and earlier in the year won the Paul White Memorial Award for "greatest contribution" in the field for the year.

But broadcasting is sick; competition for the mass audience means the trivial excludes the excellent. TV doesn't mind intellectuals, oh dear no, there just aren't enough of them. It's not Smith's viewpoint or presentation, it's that every Sunday evening he's up against "What's My Line?" and other hideous inanities. The Howard K. Smith show will go off the air in June.

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America the Backward?

"Unemployment is our number one economic problem. It wastes the lives of men and women, depriving both them and the Nation. Our continued under-use of human and physical capacity is costing us some $30 to $40 billion of additional goods and services annually. This means a considerably lower standard of living than we would otherwise enjoy. More seriously – ominously – it means we are doing less than our best in staffing ourselves in the struggle for freedom at home and abroad that now commands our energies and resources on an unprecedented scale, and in ever more demanding forms." Thus spoke the President in his March 11 Manpower Report to Congress.

What are the facts? In 1962 ten million more people were employed than in 1947, a gain of 17 percent over 15 years, but during the same period the labor force grew by 13 million, or 21 percent. Since 1957 the jobless rate has averaged 5 1/2 percent (6.1 percent as of the latest count), compared to 4 percent in immediately previous years. It was 5 1/2 percent in 1962, a year of "recovery," which suggests that the next downturn will shoot the jobless rate to new heights. Those out of work stay out longer and longer. Between 1957 and 1962, unemployment for 15 weeks or more went up 100 percent; unemployment for 6 months or more 150 percent; and these figures do not take into account workers who are on the job (not by choice) less than a normal work week. Nor do total unemployment figures show the special penalties imposed on particular groups – younger and older people, non-white workers, workers in declining or unstable industries or in depressed areas, and unskilled workers generally. For example, the jobless rate for non-farm, unskilled laborers is 12 percent; for the semi-skilled, it is eight percent. And in their impersonal neutrality, such figures conceal the human reality: millions of individuals deprived of a productive role, many of whom are responsible for feeding, clothing, educating and entertaining children, and keeping them well.

The whole economy limps along at a tired pace. Average annual growth of gross national product over the last five years has been about 2.9 percent, as against the 3 1/2 to 4 percent of former years.

There will always be some unemployed: people change jobs; one season is better than another in certain lines of work. Full employment, therefore, amounts to having an equal number of people looking for jobs and of jobs looking for people. The Administration has not specified how much unemployment would be acceptable in this

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sense, but the Economic Report of the President suggests that if an interim goal of 4 percent were to be reached by the end of 1963, 3.1 million new jobs would be needed, plus additional ones to absorb workers being displaced by technical progress. That means an eight to nine percent boost in Gross National Product, at constant prices. Furthermore, just keeping the unemployment rate where it is would require a 3½ percent rise in GNP. If the present average rate of growth is maintained, unemployment will rise further by the end of 1963, and in the next five years it will exceed seven percent. Apparently the US is moving from a situation justifying concern to one warranting alarm.

Some steps have been taken to reduce structural unemployment. The Area Redevelopment Act of 1961 is designed to rejuvenate economically depressed areas and has provisions for worker-retraining; the Manpower Development and Training Act of 1962 has broader provisions for retraining and relocation assistance; and there are similar provisions in the Trade Expansion Act of 1962, though these will not have any effect until 1964 or thereafter. The number in retraining programs thus far is unimpressive (in the two active programs some 37,000 workers), but the programs may pick up speed.

Serious questions have to be asked, however. What skills can workers be retrained for which will be in demand? Industrial jobs in the future will differ from those of the past. The need of manufacturers for unskilled workers is rapidly diminishing; technicians, engineers, teachers, public administrators and specialists in new skilled tasks like computer programming are what will be sought. Retraining can only make a marginal contribution here.

The President has made other suggestions. He would extend unemployment compensation, improve methods for identifying impending job dislocations and job opportunities nationally, establish a Youth Corps reminiscent of the old CCC. He has also asked for a Civilian Industrial Technology Program which would give a kind of "Point Four" technical assistance to lagging businesses, but his requested appropriation of $8.7 million is small. To facilitate labor mobility, Mr. Kennedy wants to eliminate from taxation the reimbursements paid new employees for their moving expenses by business. But this helps those who need it least. It is the unskilled and semi-skilled, whose moving expenses are not reimbursed by employers, who need tax deductions for their moving costs.

Hemmed in – so he has calculated – by a variety of hostile political forces and not wanting to be thought a prophet of gloom and doom, Mr. Kennedy chose to phase a tax cut over 36 months, and to avoid really extensive discussion of other needed remedies for the sickness of the economy. As a consequence, we may well find the situation worsening in the next 18 months. In 1962, *The New Republic* dissented from the prevailing opinion that a tax cut was then premature. We dissent now from the Administration view that a cut phased over three years will do the trick. It must come sooner, be large enough (at least $10 billion) and have most of its effect by the end of next year, or better, in the twelve months beginning this July. Anything less will discredit (because it will not produce predicted results) the very theory of compensatory economics the President wishes to prove.

Can nothing be done in the next month or so to enact the kind of tax revision that *will* make a substantial difference? A new initiative could come from Congress at even this late juncture. The Joint Economic Committee's stand in favor of a much bigger cut in 1963 is one hopeful development. The Congress could rescue the President from his fears of the Congress – by stepping up tax reduction, as well by approving other parts of the Administration's recovery program.

However, even if Congress performs heroically in this session, we cannot assume a healthy economy through the next decade. Technological development has brought with it a steadily declining requirement for new capital expenditures. To put it in another way, we are getting more output for a relatively smaller amount of money spent on plant and equipment. Add to this the fact that there is today a large amount of under-used plant capacity, so that production can increase considerably without much new capital outlay.

Moreover, expansion supported primarily by more investment in the kinds of industries which have been so prominent in the past will be less than vigorous. New sources of demand for consumer goods and new sources of demand for substantial investment will have to be found. Serious consideration must be given, therefore, to encouraging industries which could lead growth in the way that railroads, steel and automobiles did in an earlier time. The best contender for a big push at this time is the construction industry. The nation needs a face lifting, particularly in its more blighted areas, and transportation needs modernizing. Such reconstruction would, moreover, absorb the very unskilled and uneducated workers now seeking jobs.

Some are of the opinion that the American economy is so well developed that we cannot expect it to attain the high growth rate it once had. That is the gospel of American "affluence." But if it is true (and it is not; the US is underdeveloped – socially, esthetically, intellectually, as well as materially), then a choice has to be faced. Either we find new outlets for the widening pool of unemployed, or we accept permanent responsibility for the support of the unskilled and uneducated, and pay the high social cost of their alienation from a community that says, "We don't need you."

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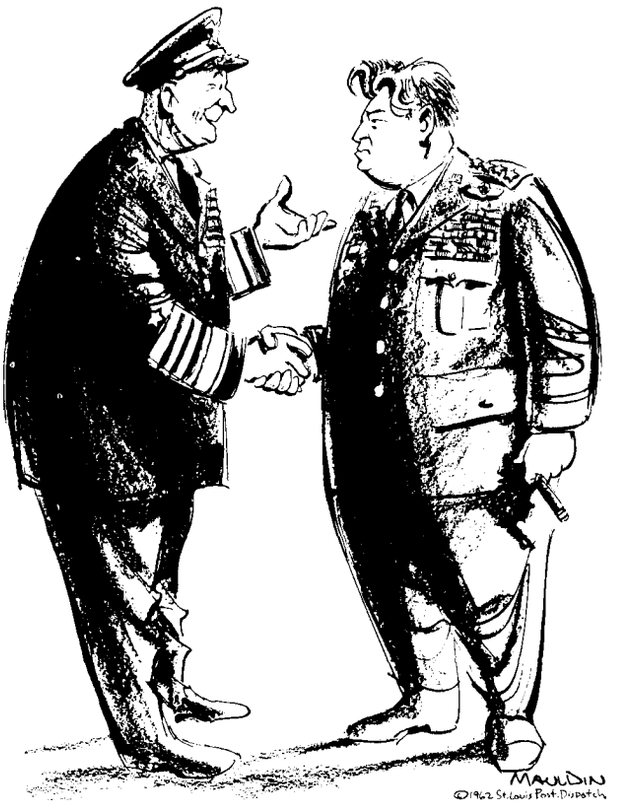
McNamara and His Critics

Why is Mr. McNamara, yesterday's "genius" and "the greatest Secretary of Defense we've ever had" suddenly described as running a "Monarchy" (*Satevepost*) or as "I-Got-All-The-Answers-McNamara" (Rep. Arends of Illinois)? Because he is seriously insisting that the Secretary of Defense is the final arbiter of decisions within the Department of Defense.

The McNamara critics – and they include military officers, lobbyists, columnists, Congressmen – have a common complaint: on such matters as the selection of weapons systems, there is something disturbing going on when the Secretary repeatedly overrides the judgment of his senior military advisers – which is what Mr. McNamara has done, to one degree or another, on no less than four major occasions in the past few months. He cancelled *Skybolt;* he refused not only the Army's desire to go ahead with procurement of *Nike Zeus,* and the Air Force's desire for full-scale development of the RS-70, but refused even the compromise programs which commanded the support of the Joint Chiefs generally; and, finally, he chose the General Dynamics version of the new TFX fighter over the preference of the military for the Boeing version. As it happens, these four decisions were, by far, the most important weapons systems decisions made in connection with the new Defense budget.

The committee system of making decisions inevitably tends towards "backscratching." Thus, on both the *Nike Zeus* and the RS-70, the Joint Chiefs supported a program bigger than the Secretary finally allowed, though smaller than what the sponsoring service would have liked. This is not surprising; the Army would have had to feel very strongly indeed about the inadvisability of the RS-70 program to refuse to go along with at least a modest-scale development, when it knew it would be wanting the support of the Air Force on *Nike Zeus.* And vice versa. In a committee you not only can, but under common circumstances are entirely likely to get a group of decisions, each one of which a majority of the committee considers mildly unsound, and all of which are voted forward because no one wants to risk losing support for his debatable proposal by voting against someone else's equally debatable proposal. A strong and competent Secretary of Defense frequently overrules the Joint Chiefs: they are a committee; he is not.

There is a second explanation of some of the "get-McNamara" talk. On each of these controversial decisions millions of dollars are riding. Someone must precisely measure the incremental value of one proposal against other ways in which the same defense dollars might be spent. There are limits to the precision one can expect from the Secretary's "cost-effectiveness



"It's a deal. You speak for battleships, and I'll back the RS-70."

analysis" and a large element of intuitive, not quantifiable, judgment enters in. But even after taking full account of the limitation of the analytical tools, one is left with estimates more useful than military claims that every piece of hardware is "indispensable."

The differences on the RS-70 and *Nike Zeus* can be largely attributed to the committee nature of the Joint Chiefs; only the sponsoring service has had any real enthusiasm for either of these projects. On *Skybolt,* the truth is that although all the Chiefs except the Chairman, General Taylor, voted against scrapping the project, none, not even the Air Force, was passionately in favor of continuing it. Here, cost-effectiveness studies showed that a large amount of money could be saved by programming additional Minuteman missiles to do as much of *Skybolt's* job as could not be handled by the existing *Hound Dog* missile. This cost saving naturally appeared more important to the civilian secretary than to the military chiefs. The Chiefs, as it turned out, went along with the Air Force, which has been the most unhappy of the Services recently; but, as the lack of any real fight on *Skybolt* during the current Congressional hearings demonstrated, there was surprisingly little heat generated on the issue.

TFX is another story. Here the view of the civilians – not only McNamara, but Secretary Korth of the Navy and Secretary Zuckert of the Air Force – did sharply

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conflict with the military. The controversy stems from the perfectly obvious fact that if the Air Force and Navy were permitted to design separate new fighters, they could come up with planes better suited to their special needs than if they had to agree on a single plane for both services, which unavoidably would require some compromises. Neither General Dynamics nor Boeing could come up with a plane exactly suitable for both Services, but of the two, General Dynamics had a much higher degree of what McNamara has designated "commonality." This almost automatically meant that the Services would lean toward Boeing, for Boeing could offer a little more to each Service than could General Dynamics. Since the over-all costs of the program were more important from the point of view of the Secretary than of the Services, McNamara, in deciding between trade-off of added costs versus marginal added performance, tended to lean towards cutting costs, and the Services to a little better performance.

A further factor in McNamara's decision was the view of the civilians in the Pentagon that the understandable attraction to the Services of weapons specially designed to provide the highest operational characteristics for various missions has, in fact, been overdone to the point where there is decreased effectiveness of the military system looked at in the large. The situation is roughly parallel to that of the photographer who so weighs himself down with equipment for every contingency that in practice he gets poorer results than a less elaborately equipped competitor.

Since Boeing's version was the more revolutionary concept, it was a more mouth-watering prospect to flyers in both Services; to the civilian hierarchy, the contrary was true: they were convinced that billions had been thrown away in the past pursuing developments which were too far beyond the current "state of the art," or which had enormously overrun the original estimates, and often both. (A good deal of confusion in the Congressional and press comment on the TFX affair, incidentally, came from the fact that Boeing's *estimate* was actually lower than General Dynamics'. But contractor estimates are not necessarily, or even normally, anywhere close to final actual costs, with the unreliability of the estimates rising sharply with the extent to which the project is technologically risky. McNamara's estimate of what Boeing's program would ultimately cost the taxpayers was a good deal higher than Boeing's estimate.)

In any case, the decision to award the $6.5 billion contract to General Dynamics created a great furor, even though this is clearly a case in which important military judgments are not involved: all parties to the dispute agree that *either* the GD *or* the Boeing programs would produce a plane which meets essential military requirements.

Four Up, One Out

The new upper level changes at the State Department are mostly in keeping with the commendable standards generally followed by this Administration in foreign affairs appointments and imply no change of policy. Enhanced authority goes to Averill Harriman, the country's most experienced diplomat, with an Under-Secretaryship. Roger Hilsman, with an established reputation for energy and imagination, is a worthy successor to him as the Assistant Secretary dealing with Far Eastern operations. Thomas Hughes, a man of diligence and judgment, measures up to the job as Director of Intelligence and Research succeeding Hilsman. Hughes is a former administrative assistant to Chester Bowles. A question arises, however, concerning the shift of George McGhee to the Embassy at Bonn, to make way for Harriman. McGhee's operational skills are beyond challenge, but he has not excelled in intellectually demanding posts requiring a complex frame of reference. West Germany, where the issues are as involved and exigent as any in the world, scarcely seems the place for him after two fallow years as Director of Policy Planning and then as Under-Secretary for Political Affairs.

This New Frontier does sometimes err in regard to ambassadors. For instance, the former Ambassador to Peru, James Loeb, has gone back to his newspaper at Saranac Lake after a trying wait for a pledged reassignment that never materialized. As an exponent of the President's preference for democratic procedures and constitutional standards in Latin America, Loeb undoubtedly had to be removed as envoy at Lima following last year's military coup. The withholding of a new diplomatic post for him, however, provides occasion for unfortunate inferences by the Peruvian military conspirators to whom his continued presence was unwelcome and teaches a bad lesson in many other trouble spots in Latin America.

$8.7 Billion Stockpile

Over a year ago, the President touched off a furor over national stockpiling, as well as a lengthy series of hearings by Senator Symington's subcommittee which raised the blinds on a mysterious world where "unconscionable profits" had been made supplying the government with great quantities of materials for which it had no conceivable need.

The Administration will now seek broad discretionary authority for the President to sell surplus materials whenever this can be done at no loss to the government. It will also ask authority to provide metals and other materials to defense contractors whenever

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feasible, rather than having them buy what they need on the market. Although with this goes a proviso that the government will never, never act to disrupt normal trade channels, there are bound to be howls from producers of raw materials, for such authority would give the President a strong lever with which to influence (if not actually manipulate) market prices for a host of industrial goods. Though he could not very well bolster prices, Mr. Kennedy would be in a good position to bring them down. Even a threat to dispose of surpluses would put a damper on many markets.

It would be rash, therefore, to predict success for the new legislation, even though the "strategic" and "critical" stockpiles (the two most significant bookkeeping categories) now have an estimated value of $8.7 billion.

Betting on Love

"Love is sweeping the country." Back in the days when "Of Thee I Sing" was raging, this melodious and confident assertion was received with gratification, but recently a querulous note has intruded. For instance, Mr. Norman Podhoretz's candid admission that he hates Negroes obviously indicates a fear that Love is going to lose more than Maine and Vermont; and if Love loses, all is lost, for without it there is no hope of peaceful co-existence among the races.

Mr. Albert Bermel's sardonic comment in the pages of this journal last week ignores Mr. Podhoretz's most interesting suggestion, to wit, that perhaps our most rigidly scientific investigations have not yet hit upon the real cause of race prejudice; but that Love is the antidote is not questioned by Bermel.

Perhaps he is right; yet, if one may be permitted a definitely callous suggestion, perhaps the argument is irrelevant. I do not challenge the theory; I merely suggest that some good citizens might be disposed of even before it is certain that Love has more than a clear majority of the electoral votes.

This idea is based upon a conviction that the relation of Justice to Love is not precisely that of a mathematical function to its independent variable. Justice may attain a very considerable magnitude without a corresponding extension of the prevalence of Love. If this is true, as I think it is, then it is possible for me to be just to a man whom I hate.

It is unquestionably difficult, and the difficulty *is* a function of the independent variable. Justice to the beloved is so easy that it approaches the inevitable; but to the hated it is so hard that it approaches the impossible. Yet this relation makes it at the same time a measure of moral strength. A flabby character may be fair, often more than fair, where he loves; but justice to a hated man is possible only to a moral athlete.

Perhaps it is evidence of a misanthropic temperament that I have never risked betting any money on the prediction that Love is sweeping the country, but I do not on that account despair of any improvement in race relations by the removal of disabilities now imposed upon minorities, racial or other. Mr. Justice Holmes was a conspicuously strong hater, but if this country ever comes within miles of his ideal – no, of his habitual rendering – of justice, it will have risen so far above its present level as to become the wonder of the world.

Gerald W. Johnson

To New Readers

Our apologies for any delay you may have experienced in receiving your first copy. In the past months we have been adding new subscribers at the rate of just under 3,000 a week, and we find ourselves temporarily behind schedule. Paid readership as of the end of March, 1962, was 43,676; this week it is 74,043.

The Publisher

How Britain Does It

The funny thing is, you *can* fool all of the people all of the time. The British have proved it, at least about budgets.

Let us assume the following:

People think they pay taxes to cover Government expenses.

They feel instinctively that a deficit between Government expenses and Government revenues is dangerous, as in the case of a family.

Something called "insufficient demand" can cause unemployment.

Demand can be made more sufficient by creating or enlarging a Government deficit, either by cutting taxes or raising expenditures, and thus unemployment can be reduced.

But this is "sophisticated economics" and clashes with people's feelings and instincts, which are on the whole healthy in this respect.

And thus, in a democracy, the planned deficit is rejected and unemployment continues.

What do you do? If the assumptions about demand, deficits and unemployment are correct – and the economists are pretty well unanimous that they are correct – the only escape is to fool people; fool them, as it were, into full employment against their instincts.

Politicians are not nearly clever enough to fool peo-

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ple. But tradition is. And thus it is that the British have found the way of fooling all of the people all of the time. By the "British" is meant practically everybody – politicians, press, the people. They fool themselves into full employment through thoroughly disguised Keynesian economics.

How is this rabbit pulled out of the hat?

You rely, as so often, on semantics, helped by tradition.

In February or March you submit to Parliament the spending side of what we Americans call the "budget." You call it "estimates," and you create a mild stir about changes in this or that item. You publish no revenue figure because that comes later.

You carefully confuse everybody by dividing spending into "above the line" and "below the line." This makes a certain amount of accounting sense, but its main usefulness is semantic confusion.

Then in April you submit the "budget" amid great excitement. It is not a budget at all but a tax program – tax cuts if there happens to be insufficient demand. Nobody remembers the "estimates." The two are put together only in infinitely fine print, and nobody notices, by tradition.

Because there is no link in the public or newspaper mind between the spending and the tax program, the word "deficit" simply does not exist except among economists and in specialized journals.

And thus you get the best of all possible worlds:

People still think that all Government expenses must be covered by taxation. Taxes can be raised if need be. And yet the Government can use demand-creating deficits at will.

The confusion is exquisitely effective. I heard a BBC program the other night, for example, on which a leading politician argued inside of five minutes for an "expansionary budget" and for the moral need for people to pay enough taxes to cover Government expenses. He was not in the least being dishonest. The system permitted him this happy confusion – this way of having your cake and eating it too.

If, as is expected, the Chancellor or the Exchequer in a few weeks cuts taxes in his "budget" several hundred million pounds (an equivalent in the United States of upwards of $5 billion) to cure the present mild unemployment, there will not be the slightest peep about deficits, though in fact he will be creating a good-sized one. People simply do not think that way because of the way the semantics and tradition of budgets work. One might say it is sheer good luck for the British; their people are no more clever or sophisticated than ours in these matters.

None of this is meant to argue that the over-all British economic performance is ideal. Nor is it to argue that permanent budget deficits are good Government policy. Finally, it is not to suggest that British Governments always use budget deficits.

It is just to suggest that the British Government can pump up the economy and reduce unemployment through what we call the "budget" at any time without offending anybody's instincts. And they have had nearly full employment for 18 years.

EDWIN L. DALE, JR.

Just Bad Indians

South Dakota has one of the largest Indian populations in the country – 26,000 Sioux living on eight reservations – and the state now has exercised an option under Federal law and against Sioux protests, assuming jurisdiction over Indian affairs. This means that state police will patrol the reservations, and Indians will be tried in state courts for crimes committed on the reservations where previously they were under the protection of the Federal law enforcement officers and received trials in Indian courts; welfare funds are to be administered by the state, not the Federal Government, although a Federal dole will continue. Twelve other states have assumed similar powers of jurisdiction under the law passed in 1953, but in none of them are the Indians as numerous as they are in South Dakota, nor is the relation between Indian and white as strained. The Sioux have repeatedly accused the non-Indian South Dakotans of ill-treatment whenever they ventured off the reservation. Last summer they told a Senate subcommittee on Constitutional Rights that they were refused service in restaurants, kicked and dragged about the streets by the police, chained to their cell bunks on arrest, and when tried, unable to obtain counsel. One indication of the attitude toward the Indians was provided by the Police Chief of Martin, a town completely surrounded by a reservation. He said, "The Indian is not a law abiding person. As near as I can figure out, it's about like the Negroes down South. You can't let them get the upper hand."

South Dakota has given summary treatment to the Indians who left the reservation to live in other parts of the state. "As I have advised you before," wrote the mayor of one town, "we have no intention of making any Indian comfortable around here. . . . Anybody who rents them property will have to change his address and I would not want the insurance on the building. The people of Chamberlain are opposed to the city being made an Indian town and are opposed to having Indians in our schools." The usual practice seems to be to let the Indians come to the outskirts of a town where they squat in a shack for six months and attempt to live on state welfare. During that time, the state makes sure that their squalor unmitigated – no water, no elec-

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tricity. Then to get them off the welfare rolls, the Indians are given a "non-residency certificate" which forces them back to the reservation for the Federal dole. The state administrator of relief in one South Dakota county took a somewhat novel view of his job: There was no discrimination in his area, he said; state officials were not "against good Indians, just bad ones." Such administration of welfare funds by the state would not lead one to expect just treatment once state jurisdiction is extended to the reservation itself.

How the state does implement its newly assumed powers is of considerable importance since Federal economic development programs have just begun to improve conditions for the Sioux, who have been downtrodden since they were brought to heel by the US calvary in 1890. Last year unemployment on the reservations in South Dakota was between 13 and 44 percent, compared to a rate of 4.1 percent for the state as a whole. On no reservation in the state does an Indian family make more than $2,000 a year; in 1962, the average non-Indian family earned about $4,250.

To Him That Hath

The average farm made $3,500 for its owner or owners last year, according to the Department of Agriculture. This figure excludes what farmers may have earned from jobs on the side or from investments or from any source other than farm operations. And according to the same report farm incomes varied sharply from state to state. In Arizona, the average was $24,200; in West Virginia, $900. What the report did not say was that over these many sizes of farmers the same umbrella of federal price support and other kinds of economic protection is spread in almost complete disregard of the distinction between the rich and the poor who live on the land. *Almost*, because there is one significant exception. Farmers who can't borrow from a local bank may still try to raise the money they need to continue running their farms by applying to a facility of the Department of Agriculture. But the farmers must first show some proof that they have been turned down by a banker.

Livestock and irrigated farming, both requiring substantial capital and yielding proportionate returns, happen to predominate in Arizona. But there are large and small farms scattered nearly everywhere else, and practically the whole of them (97 percent) are family farms. So agricultural policy makers who seek to support the family farm must, if that be their aim, support all alike. And we do. Under present farm programs the same kinds of support are provided the 275 thousand farms which produce half the US agricultural output as to the 3.325 million farms on which the other half of the harvest is grown. The former yielded to their owners an average net income of $23,700 last year. Those high-class farm operators who thrive in Arizona earned very little more.

Such is the setting in which the US government deals out farm supports and subsidies with an impartial hand. "The law in its majestey," as Anatole France once said, "forbids the rich and poor alike from sleeping under bridges." As a consequence, the value of these benefits is actually prorated among farmers according to the value of the crops they bring to market and the amounts of acreage they cultivate. If wheat, for instance, is sold by law for 55 cents more per bushel in the US market than is paid for it in world markets, and American farmers nevertheless persist in raising twice as much of it as we can eat, then the subsidy enjoyed by producers of the crop is 55 cents times the amount they sell either to consumers or, in effect, to an agency of the Department of Agriculture.

Those who produce more are protected more. Thus, since eight and a half percent of the farm operators enjoy the benefits of half the services and protection offered by the Department, it is an easy exercise to compute how much this chosen band, and how much the other half receives.

There are two kinds of counters, money and men. Setting aside the fewer than a twelfth of the farmers who produce half the crops brought to market, some 3.325 million farms share half the total net income from farming last year, or $6.5 billion. On a per farm basis this works out to somewhat less than $2,000. The same type of calculation will give a rough idea of how much, in cash terms, the budgeted value of the Department of Agriculture's price protection and other services may be imputed to the poorer farmers. Half the USDA appropriation for fiscal 1963, less the sum allotted to the Forest Service – a service of general utility – equals $3.35 billion; dividing by the number of poorer farms we find the average value to be a little over a thousand dollars per farm. If we proceed in the same fashion, dividing by the number of the wealthier farms, the average value of USDA services they enjoy is over twelve times as much.

It's an old saying that the rich get richer, and the poor, poorer. And indeed, the concentration of wealth in agriculture has been proceeding at an accelerated rate since the end of the Korean War. The casualties of this rapid separation of rich and poor in farming were counted recently by the Bureau of the Census. Between the special census in 1954 and the latest enumeration of this kind in 1959, farms disappeared at the rate of 160,000 per annum. There is nothing to show that the attrition does not continue at a similar rate today. The benefits dispensed by the Department of Agriculture are of a type which, in the main, encourages this trend. *To him that hath*, might be the working motto of the Department, *more is given*. Asher Brynes

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FOREIGN REPORTS

BRAZIL

A Very Long Shot

The most depressed area in Brazil is the Northeast where families exist on the equivalent of $75 a year and where the Government is pouring in sizable funds to start irriagation projects and attract industry. The development is closely tied to President Goulart's ambitious three year financial plan which aims at boosting Brazil's national income by seven percent, reducing inflation from 50 to 10 percent, slashing the deficit and achieving a favorable balance of trade. But the plan has gaping holes in it and makes the prospects for the Northeast as gloomy as ever. To reduce the budget deficit all consumer subsidies will have to end – some have disappeared already. Inevitably this leads to a sharp rise in prices, followed by trade union pressure for off-setting wage increases and President Goulart with his dependence on labor backing will find this pressure hard to resist; yet if he yields a further bout of inflation is ahead.

Second is the doubt as to whether private sources will be willing to take over the job of providing enough new investment. If they do, will they not demand a high return to protect the real value of their capital? Even a Treasury bill with 15 percent interest tends to produce a snort among Brazilian businessmen who have lived long with and learned from galloping inflation in the country.

Finally there is the doubt hanging over the nation's export trade. Will it be buoyant enough to end the spectacular run in the red and return a surplus of $261 million by 1965?

Here the problem is that Brazil is traditionally dependent on world prices for commodities like coffee where an overall surplus has created a continuing instability. Faced with the prospect of having to pay for well over a billion dollars of capital equipment over the next 3 years, she is also faced with the dilemma that realizations on her coffee, vegetables oils, cacao and sisal are likely to continue relatively low.

This basically is why Brazil is hoping for a considerable expansion of trade with the Communist bloc which appears prepared to buy or barter for the Republic's agricultural produce at better terms than are available in the West. For this reason President Goulart's Government has continued to negotiate for a renewal of the 3-year trade agreement with the USSR signed at the end of 1959 – despite Washington pressure and despite even the somewhat melodramatic flying visit of Bobby Kennedy.

Such trade, however, and the increased Communist influence that might come in its wake, will not nullify US influence. Brazil cannot survive without US trade and aid and Goulart knows it. If Washington improves its public relations not only in Rio but in areas like the Northeast, there will be no reason to become unduly alarmed about improved Brazilian-Communist relations. The Communist bloc in effect would be helping the US achieve the development of Brazil, and in part lessening the American burden.

KENYA

Who Will Listen to the BBC?

Somalia said it wanted to break off diplomatic relations with Britain, but a man at the British embassy at Mogadishu, the Somali capital, said this was quite impossible since the Somalis had lost the book that tells how to do such things. Anyway, if they did break off relations, suggested the political correspondent for the *Observer*, who would listen to the BBC's Arabic service? The Somalis make up half its audience.

It was after delivering themselves of these bright last minute thoughts, that the British were told they had 15 days to pack up and get out of Somalia. The rupture was created by a dispute over the immense Northern Frontier District of Kenya which the Somalis are claiming for their own. Somalis tribesmen dwelling there have demanded secession and Somalia has threatened force if they are not given their way. The British had suggested creating a special district within Kenya for these discontented tribesmen, which, when Kenya become independent, would have its own legislature. That proposal was rejected out of hand by the Somalis.

Ethiopia which has experienced the same claims from Somalia, is standing firm behind Kenya, offering to send troops should fighting break out. The British have moved police and army units into the district where there have been several incidents though no widespread fighting.

If Somalia pushes the issue, it will receive little if any support from any other African country, and it is likely to injure its friendly ties with the West. The Kenya Government is ill-disposed to compromising the issue at the moment when nationalism is running high, and when there is a good chance that the BP-Shell Oil Co. may strike oil in the district. They prefer to let the British bear the brunt of Somali fury. Yet the Kenya Council of Ministers led by Jomo Kenyatta and Ronald Ngala are strongly behind them. Mr. Kenyatta will not give up "a single inch of Kenya's land," a stronger line than the British have ever held. Still the longer term pressure for settlement is strong since without stabilization in the Northern Frontier, Kenya's hopes for at last gaining independence by year end are diminished. The Somalis may want to extricate themselves from this entanglement by submitting the issue to the UN.

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Why The Alianza May Fail

The Alliance for Progress was one of the great, constructive, imaginative proposals of President Kennedy. It proposed, through US financial aid, plus US know-how, expertise, and cooperation, to help the Latin American countries move into the mid-20th Century. It proposed, by means of a cooperative understanding, based on a willingness on the part of the Latin American governments, to establish long overdue reforms – taxation, anti-inflation measures, cessation of usurious lending practices, land distribution, a willingness to increase the efficiency and integrity of government operation to prevent aid funds from being wasted or misappropriated – and thereby to achieve, by evolutionary means, [an] economic and social revolution.

The fact is that many of the countries of Latin America are ripe for revolution. At the top of an antiquated feudal structure is entrenched a power elite who control both government and the financial and economic resources of the nation. Theirs is the power monopoly that maintains the archaic political, economic, and social structure which makes the majority of Latin American countries a fertile ground for revolution by the exploited, ill nourished, ill housed, virtually destitute and hopeless vast majority.

Such countries – in the absence of the needed reform and in the failure by those on top to provide it – should have revolutions. Unfortunately, any revolution today is promptly infiltrated by international Communism – as in Cuba – directed by Moscow or Peking and diverted from its legitimate goals.

Mexico furnishes an illustration in point. Its long overdue, needed revolution began in 1910 and was concluded at the end of the century's second decade. It was both a political and social revolution. It abolished usurped continuity in the presidential office – such as that of Porfirio Díaz who had overthrown existing constitutional provisions and kept himself in the presidency for a generation – by providing one six-year term for the president and no re-election. It provided for the breakup of the vast *latifundios* and the distribution of the land to the peasantry. The ideology and motivations of the Mexican revolutionaries – Madero, Zapata, Carranza, Obregon, Calles, and their associates – were wholly indigenous. They were drawn out of Mexico's own experience and responded to Mexico's needs.

The sad fact is that the noble concept of the *Alianza para el Progreso* is about to fail, because those in power in Latin America have not, in the great majority of cases, initiated or carried through the needed reforms. It was perhaps a bit naïve to expect those in power – politically, economically, and socially – to yield in any substantial degree their vested prerogatives, their palaces, their landed estates, their "conspicuous consumption," in order that the people on whose backs and shoulders their affluence rested might be lifted from their abject misery. Nevertheless, that was the hope, and President Kennedy's prescription of such action on the part of the Latin American power elite was supposedly a *sine qua non* of the Alliance.

A large part of the fault, however, is ours. The Administration itself has been inveigled into giving without receiving its stipulated *quid pro quo*. It has continued to pour dollars into unstable and uncooperative regimes, to buttress their follies, to give them budgetary support, to finance their deficits. By doing this it has not merely wasted our substance, but actually, by supporting the feudal edifice, given encouragement and comfort to the very subversive forces which seek to overthrow the existing regimes and enthrone Communist-dominated leadership in their place.

The time has passed when lip service from these power elites should suffice to turn on the numerous spigots, variously, grants, development loans, and other so-called loans or credits, or refunding operations.

The issue is pertinently and crucially posed by the presence in Washington of a high-powered financial delegation from Brazil which seeks to persuade President Kennedy that just once more the pitcher should go to the well of American financial assistance and rescue the Government of Brazil from its past extravagances and follies.

It will be argued – as it has been argued before – that this time it is different. It will be eloquently pleaded that President Goulart has a new mandate to establish an austerity regime; that he has already taken and proposes to take such-and-such steps. On the basis of such or similar previous promises, the United States has poured over $2 billion into Brazil. What is there to show for it?

If the Alliance for Progress is to succeed, it is imperative that for once our Government stand firm and wait at least 6 months or a year to see how these promises are carried out and whether the Goulart government is capable of seeing them through. If again we weaken – as we did in the case of Peru after one week's firm stand against the military takeover – and as we have repeatedly "refunded" Brazil's financial chaos, the US can take a large share of blame for the alliance collapse.

ERNEST GRUENING

ERNEST GRUENING *of Alaska was re-elected last year to the US Senate.*

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THE UNITED STATES AND EUROPE STILL NEED EACH OTHER

The Demands of Power

Paris

Thirty years ago, who would have dreamed that the United States would be maintaining an army of 400,000 soldiers in Europe? But who at that time would have imagined that Königsberg was to be called Kaliningrad, that the hammer and sickle would fly over the Brandenburg Gate, and that simply by crossing the Potsdamerplatz one could pass from one kind of world into an entirely different one, from a sovietized Germany to a bourgeois Germany?

It is an unprecedented combination of circumstances, to be sure; but not for this reason more artificial or less durable than the so-called traditional diplomacy of the great European powers. For this conjuncture is not *basically* determined by the "tyrannical and aggressive" nature of the Soviet regime, but instead by the fact that the Muscovite *imperium* extends from Vladivostok to Weimar. As long as there is a single zone of military sovereignty extending from Vladivostok or from the Ural to the middle of territory of the former German Reich, the Atlantic Alliance will be in keeping with the immemorial logic of international relations; in other words, with the demands of the balance of power.

The objection has been raised that a closely united Western Europe would no longer need American protection. In my opinion this is totally unfounded. Either a united Europe will include Great Britain, in which case Europe would be just as anxious to maintain its ties with the American Republic as to assure the US a position of equality within the Alliance; or Europe will confine itself to the Six of the Common Market and under this hypothesis, short of being compelled to do so, neither the Netherlands nor Italy would subscribe to a policy that would separate them from the Anglo-Saxons. As to the Franco-German entente, even assuming that Chancellor Adenauer's successor follows the former's directives, it will obviously not carry much weight in the face of the *imperium* of the East, whether this be called Russian or Soviet.

To dispel the need for the Atlantic Alliance, Khrushchev's heir will have to do more than achieve the same amount of liberalization as compared with the 1963 regime in Russia, as Khrushchev himself achieved in comparison with the Stalin regime. The man who succeeds Khrushchev will also have to accept the unification of Germany on terms which both the Federal Republic and the entire West can accept. The possibility that the Chinese threat may some day bring about such a diplomatic reversal on Moscow's part cannot be excluded, but for the foreseeable future there is no indication that the leaders of Russia, Soviet or otherwise, are prepared to renounce a zone of domination, a European vantagepoint, which constitute for them the largest plum of their 1945 victory.

So long as there are Russian soldiers on one side of the Potsdamerplatz, the presence of American soldiers on the other side conforms to the nature of things. In the pre-atomic world, of course, such a military presence of the US in Europe might have assumed a different form. Now, an army of several divisions, and not merely a symbolic presence, is accepted as necessary evidence of the commitment to defend Europe, even, if need be, by recourse to atomic weapons. It is possible that over the next 10 or 20 years the quality and quantity of this military presence may change, depending on the development of strategic theory and European armament; but unless American public opinion wearies under the burden, or European public opinion rebels, I think it probable that the Alliance, which none but the frivolous-minded can describe as lacking in substance, will endure.

We cannot discount the possibility, of course, that Americans may weary of their burden; at present the chance of such an eventuality is slight indeed, but it could increase. Diplomacy in the United States is not conducted on the basis of one man's decision but by the subtle interplay of many different pressures. A dollar crisis, an apparently anti-Yankee trend in Europe could at some future time revive the temptation toward isolationism or reliance on the "Fortress America." Fortunately, however, this point has not been reached; the leaders in Washington know they need Europe to support their world interests just as Europe needs the US to preserve its safety.

For the rest, what is historically abnormal about an alliance between nations linked by the Atlantic Ocean? An alliance between the countries of the maritime fringe of the Eurasian land-mass and the US follows a time-honored geopolitical pattern. Add to this the fact that today a ballistic missile can traverse in half an hour the space separating the Russian (or American) launching site from the American (or Russian) target city, and the pseudo-paradox is automatically eliminated. Why should checks and balances be set up within a continental framework when the diplomatic system encompassing them has been expanded to world-wide dimensions? Why should Europe, from the Atlantic to

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the Ural, represent a solid unit of associated nations or balanced blocs? An exclusively European balance is not inconceivable, but it presupposes a series of political and ideological upheavals which lend themselves to speculation but not to certain prediction.

I have not even touched on an argument broadly familiar to all who have visited the Communist countries and the US. In Eastern Europe the traveler has the feeling of being in a profoundly different world. The United States, by contrast, although different from the Old World in size and history, nevertheless represents a variation of a civilization common to both and which the Communist regime on the other side of the Iron Curtain has smothered if not totally destroyed.

The present conflicts on the atomic strategy of the Atlantic Alliance or on relations between the Common Market and Great Britain do not affect these enduring truths. I would not even feel the need to point to them were it not for the fact that once again, as in 1949 and 1954 and 1957, we are in a period when slanderous insinuations are rife. In 1949, anyone who denounced Stalin's crimes was consigned to limbo by true Leftist thinkers. Anyone who had a good word to say for the Marshall Plan was automatically an American agent (although the Marshall Plan made the reconstruction of Europe possible and assured her economic independence). In 1954, those who supported the rearming of West Germany and the unity of Little Europe were considered on the threshold of treachery, and in 1957 anyone who declared that Algerian independence was inevitable, had crossed the threshold and was a traitor.

Those who think they are in step with the times by pursuing anti-American goals and by attacking the "belated" defenders of the Atlantic Alliance have, in my opinion, a strange idea of the man they think they are serving by so doing. RAYMOND ARON

OBSESSED, EMBITTERED, AND FRUSTRATED IN KARACHI

Pakistan at Bay

Karachi

Pakistan today is embittered, frustrated and vengeful. After ten years of close association with the United States Pakistan is no nearer wresting Moslem Kashmir from Indian rule. Moreover, Pakistan fears that the balance of power in the subcontinent is shifting permanently against her with Anglo-American military aid coupled with increasingly massive economic help to India from both blocs. Members of Pakistan's tiny in-group are so obsessed with these fears that they refuse even to consider the possibility that their country has been spared attack from Russia or China because its security is guaranteed by American power.

Pakistan has belatedly realized that its alliance with America by no means precludes all-out American support to India. So the Pakistanis are looking for people who actively oppose India. The only candidates are Communist China and little Nepal. Many Americans seem to assume that Peking has been courting Pakistan. In fact, the overtures have all come from Pakistan. The agreement to demarcate the Sino-Pakistani border in the high reaches of Hunza and Gilgit was proposed more than two years ago by Pakistan. Only last December, on the eve of Indo-Pakistani talks on Kashmir laboriously promoted by America and Britain, did the Chinese Communists finally consent "in principle" to draw the line. Similarly, Pakistan had been seeking a trade agreement with Peking for a long time. The one signed in January is the standard Chinese barter arrangement with no provision for Chinese economic or technical aid to Pakistan. It would be wrong, therefore, to see sinister Chinese intrigues behind the much publicized Sino-Pakistani rapprochement.

Russia has been even more aloof toward Pakistan. Khrushchev is still publicly committed to backing India on Kashmir. Soviet diplomats have bluntly told the Pakistanis that a spate of anti-American speeches doesn't entitle them to Russian diplomatic or economic support. Until Pakistan withdraws from SEATO and CENTO, Moscow's attitude is likely to remain frosty.

There is an increasingly vocal group in Pakistan that wants the country to leave the alliances, adopt a nonaligned policy similar to India's and take economic and, if possible, military aid from both blocs as India boasts it does. President Ayub Khan does not belong to this group. As long as he wields effective power I doubt if Pakistan will sever any of its formal ties with the West. But Ayub is no longer Pakistan's unchallenged military dictator. Since he lifted martial law last spring the old political parties and the old politicians have returned like the Bourbons after Napoleon, having learned nothing and forgotten nothing.

Because Ayub himself is increasingly disillusioned

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with the West, he has allowed the politicians, including those in his own cabinet, considerable freedom to castigate Pakistan's allies in their public utterances. At the same time he apparently condones the machinations of a powerful and little known (outside Pakistan) clique of high civil servants who feed anti-American propaganda to the docile Pakistani press and effectively thwart many Western aims in Pakistan. These officials are motivated, as far as I can tell, by opportunism rather than ideology. In the cabinet the new External Affairs Minister, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, 34- year-old scion of an aristocratic Sindhi landowning family, foresees the day when Pakistan will be more nearly nonaligned in its foreign policy and has accordingly made himself the apostle of a more friendly line toward the Communist states.

In January 1961 as Minister of Natural Resources Bhutto took the first step in this direction by visiting Moscow to negotiate an agreement for Soviet oil exploration in Pakistan. The Russians haven't yet found any oil but the agreement made Bhutto popular among a section of the Pakistani intelligentsia.

My impression is that Ayub believes he can always put the lid back on when he thinks his Western allies are behaving more in Pakistan's interest. Whether he's right is open to question. Imposing martial law in the first wave of enthusiasm generated by the army takeover in October 1958 could hardly be compared to reimposing it under present circumstances in Pakistan.

Pakistan is more "democratic" today than at any time since Ayub took power. But in Asia democracy even in small doses has a habit of breeding more problems than it resolves. The disparities in outlook and income between East and West Pakistan are no nearer being overcome than when Ayub took power. East Pakistan has more people, more problems and more foreign exchange-earning jute than the West wing, as West Pakistan is called, but there's little doubt that the East gets slighted when it comes to handing out government development grants, including American aid.

Dacca reminded me of a smaller but equally wretched Calcutta. The difference is that the Bengali Moslems lack the managerial and money-making talents of the Bengali Hindus in India who used to own most of the real estate in what is now East Pakistan. The whole economy of East Bengal (East Pakistan) was oriented toward Calcutta before Partition. Without money, managers or muscle (almost all Ayub's army is recruited in West Pakistan), I don't see how the East Pakistanis can do much except keep grumbling unless they want to throw themselves into India's arms. No one seems particularly eager to do that, nor did anyone I talked to think East Pakistan could last long as an independent state. Ayub himself feels the same warmth toward the East Pakistanis as Konrad Adenauer does for the Prussians beyond the Elbe, albeit for totally different reasons. I'm sure Ayub would be delighted if his unruly East Pakistani subjects went away, provided only that the jute land that earns the bulk of his foreign exchange could first be carted off to West Pakistan to be cultivated by worthy Pathans.

Economically, I found Pakistan (primarily West Pakistan, of course) less discouraging than I had expected. The number of successful joint ventures undertaken by Pakistani and Western capital is impressive. The cancer-like spread of salinity and water-logging in the once bounteous Indus Valley is finally being fought by a combination of tube wells (to lower the water-table) and gigantic hydroelectric projects to rejuvenate the long-neglected irrigation system. West Pakistan's semi-autonomous Water and Power Development Authority (WAPDA) is about the most efficient indigenous organization I've encountered in the Indo-Pakistani subcontinent. It has what looks like the cream of Pakistan's engineering talent as well as generous financing from the World Bank and Western countries. The financing will have to become still more generous because the cost of major projects like the Tarbella Dam on the Indus has risen dizzily above the optimistic guesses incorporated in the 1960 Indus Valley Settlement Agreement with India and the World Bank.

Moreover, even WAPDA can't entirely escape the kind of glacial obtuseness displayed by one Pakistani cabinet minister who was told that water used for driving turbine generators would then be fed into the irrigation system. "Don't try to kid me," the minister retorted, "I know the water is no good for anything else after you take the electricity out of it."

Pakistan has the usual yawning balance of payments gap experienced by most new countries. Industry is still embryonic and agricultural productivity (except in jute) as low as anywhere in Asia. There's no alternative in sight for American economic aid, now running at the rate of $1 million a day. Despite all the Pakistani alarms about American aid to India, Pakistan has still received more on a per capita basis. Population (now approaching the 100 million mark) is as much a nightmare as in India and "family planning" is even less effective, if that's possible.

It's hard for a Westerner, especially one who's lived in India, to understand Pakistan's inferiority feelings toward its neighbor. Size is only part of the story. "Of course, things are much better on that side," is the typical rueful Pakistani rejoinder when you mention anything Indian. This feeling, it seems to me, lies at the root of much of Pakistan's fear and distrust of India, focused for the last 15 years on Kashmir. I don't expect any solution in Kashmir as long as Nehru is alive. Even afterward it will require statecraft of Machiavellian adroitness on the part of any Indian leader to give away even part of the Vale of Kashmir, which is the crux of the problem, and live to see the settlement put into

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effect. Ayub strikes me as genuinely opposed to using force in Kashmir (even surreptitiously) but there are lots of hotheads in Pakistan who'd like to take the plunge. Contrary to what many Americans seem to think, the Kashmir issue is not artificially whipped up by Pakistani politicians. They certainly do their best to exploit a juicy issue but Kashmir would still arouse violent passions in Pakistan if all the politicians dropped dead tomorrow. Bhutto told me the "process of Pakistan," by which he meant building Pakistan, will not be complete until Kashmir is settled.

Today Pakistani passions over Kashmir are rising as they see their bargaining or blackmailing power with India dwindling. They saw a glimmer of hope when India was reeling under Chinese attack last fall. That glimmer was snuffed out by the US airlift of arms and the Chinese cease-fire which enabled India to resist Pakistani pressure for major concessions on Kashmir.

My own feeling is that Kashmir will continue to poison our relations with Pakistan just as Israel sours our relations with the Arabs. The irony is that we backed the creation of Israel and continue to support it whereas we have never endorsed the status quo in Kashmir. But the Pakistanis are not inclined to remember such things when they read sensationalized accounts in the Pakistani press about American arms and other aid pouring into India.

Yet it would be wrong to become alarmist about the prospects in Pakistan. As long as Ayub holds power the country will be at least nominally in the Western camp and even after he goes I don't see where Pakistan can turn except to the West for the kind of massive economic underpinning it has learned to expect. But the trend in American-Pakistani relations is definitely downward and could take a steep plunge if Ayub were not there.

WELLES HANGEN

MR. HANGEN *is NBC News correspondent in India.*

The Right to Know vs. the Right to Strike

I. To Publish the News and Raise Hell

by James Reston

One day the New York newspapers will publish again, but they dare not go back to the same chaotic pattern of collective bargaining that produced the present shut-down.

The present system is intolerable for the public, the unions, and the publishers alike. The President of the United States cannot censor the New York papers. The Congress of the United States is specifically forbidden in the first article of the Bill of Rights to abridge their freedom, but Bert Powers, the boss of the New York Printers, can not only censor them but shut them down.

What is "free" about a press that can be muzzled on the whim of a single citizen? What kind of collective bargaining is it that, to use the words of the three judges who are studying the case, permits a strike before there is any "real bargaining," and postpones "negotiation until a time when the publishers would be forced to surrender under the economic pressure of threatened extinction?"

This is anarchy in what is supposed to be one of the most reasonable elements of our society, and the unions and the publishers will have to end it either by making peace or preparing for war.

One way to make peace is to attack the problem of fear. The publishers are afraid they will be picked off one by one in selective strikes by any one of a dozen unions. The printers are afraid that new automatic machinery will destroy their craft and their security.

These are genuine fears but they are not unprecedented. Edgar Kaiser of the Kaiser Steel Corporation and Dave McDonald of the United States Steel workers have just used a technique to deal with the automation problem. They realized in 1959 that the old bargaining pattern was obsolete. Accordingly, they set up a "long range committee" composed of three distinguished public members, three union members and three company members to work out a plan to exploit modern machinery without destroying the security of the present generation of workers.

The steel agreement reached this week at Kaiser is not applicable to the wholly different problem of newspaper publishing, but the technique of the long range

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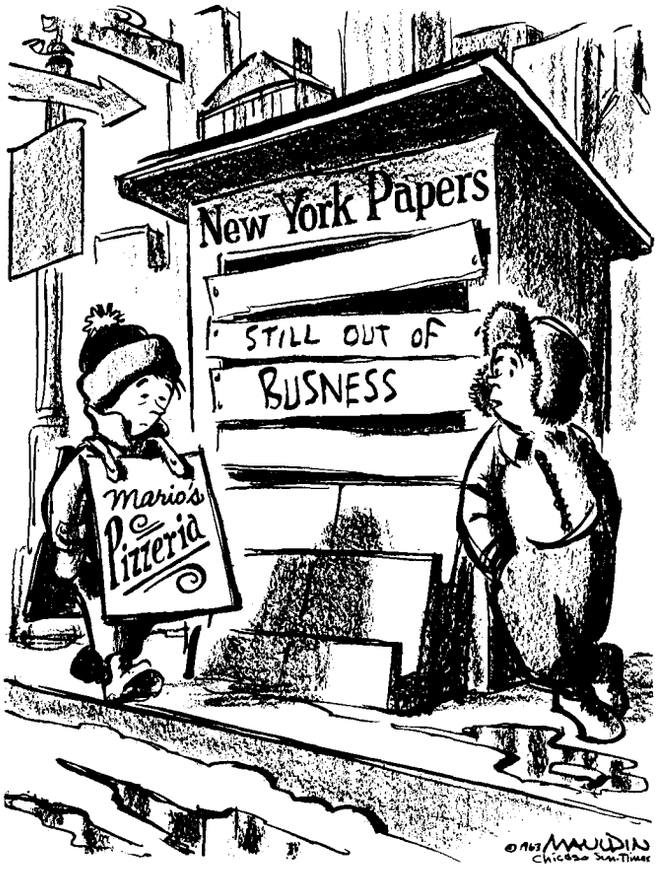

"Another Good Newspaperman Driven into Advertising"

committee is. Other unions have settled their differences over money by negotiating a long enough contract to enable the companies to concentrate on higher earnings rather than spending all their time and energy in fear of strikes to come.

If, however, peace cannot be achieved and maintained by these and other proven techniques then there will have to be war. The papers will have to be published, in New York if possible, elsewhere if not; in union shops if possible, in non-union shops if not. And they will have to be distributed, through the mails if necessary.

The present situation cannot be accepted in a democratic society. Consider the facts: the President of the United States has used his influence quietly to try to bring about a settlement. The Secretary of Labor has intervened with all the authority of his office. The Governor of New York State and the Mayor of New York City have tried to help – all without managing even to get serious negotiations under way.

So the flow of information in the nation's largest city is left to the play of sheer power, and the power struggle is wildly uneven. For the union is using all its power to stop publication and the owners are not using all their power to publish.

This may be an acceptable situation in a meat factory or a steel mill, but newspapers are not pork chops or iron fences. Unless everybody from Jefferson to Mencken and Gerald Johnson has been kidding to us, our job is to print the news and raise hell, with the kind permission of Bert Powers if possible but without it if necessary.

I know this view is not shared by all publishers, but reporters are part of this profession too, and if, failing to make an honorable peace, we acquiesce in the proposition the news is a dispensable commodity like soap, then we shall be treated like soap peddlers and deserve it.

Values and duties have become so confused that even the suggestion of publishing without the consent of the unions is now regarded as a declaration of war. How the old editors who founded our press would have hooted at that! This country was created by a pamphleteers whose motto was "Publish and Be Damned," and if the government will defend the right of James Meredith to enter the University of Mississippi, surely it will defend publishers who carry the news through the mails.

This, admittedly, is a last resort. Peace, common sense and honest collective bargaining are preferable, but if power is to be the only test, then it will have to work both ways. The strike is Bert Powers' "Gun behind the door." The mail is ours, and in the final extremity it will have to be used.

The above column was written January 12, 1963 for The New York Times *but did not appear in that paper for reasons given by Murray Kempton below.*

II. The Average Newspaper is Not a Public Utility

This seemed to us at *The New Republic* a proper week to print the full text of one of journalism's rarer documents, James Reston's appeal to *The New York Times*, his employer, to break the New York City's newspaper strike which was then in its fifth week and, at this writing, is sloughing muddily through its fifteenth.

The *Times* responded to Reston's call to courage by excising his column from its Western and Paris editions and from its syndicated wire. This was an act of diplomacy; Reston had written during one of those delusive moments of hope for a settlement and the *Times* did not wish to affront Bertram Powers, the

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printers devil of Reston's piece.

James Reston has kept all his graces intact into middle age, and not the least of these graces is his capacity for anger. It is a quality as precious to a journalist as it is dangerous to his business office; and, if you trust a man to be your Washington correspondent, he should expect you to trust him right through his moments of wrath.

The *Times* has not before, I think, censored Reston. Powers, its then implacable enemy, thus enjoyed a protection the *Times* never extended to Richard Nixon who thought only of pleasing it.

It is impossible for me to talk about the newspaper strike in terms other than personal ones. Reading Reston and remembering my own night mind, I am grateful that I never had property and family in Cuba. None of us thinks well when he begins to think passionately about the unsolvable. We think worse when the unsolvable upsets our own lives. I have escaped this Germinal of the affluent society; but its endurance occasionally drove me to think about Powers the way the Republican National Committee thinks about Cuba. Reston suggests a remedy to Powers rather in the tone with which Congressman Miller suggests a remedy to Fidel Castro.

The basic argument against Reston – as against Miller – is that things cannot be done this way. And Reston knows, if Miller doesn't, that the devil theory seldom helps to explain the real world. Reston would not discuss Castro without remembering Batista; he would not suggest that Cuba was only Fidel Castro. He might decide that only the sword could serve, but the tone of that decision would be regret. It is the absence of regret which, I'm afraid, defines Reston's judgment and his solution.

We read here about devils and holy men as we used, to Reston's discomfort, to read about them in the speeches of Secretary Dulles. Reston has overlooked, for example, that, when the strike began, Bertram Powers had offered to allow three New York papers to go on publishing. Their proprietors refused and shut down; until early this month, when the *New York Post* resumed publication, the city was without its major newspapers because the printers had struck four and the publishers had locked out three.

Reston's essential complaint is, I think, that the printers struck the *Times*. He is not so much a man of the left or right as he is a man of the *Times*. It is a proper focus of passion. The other struck papers are full of people who are loyal, devoted and talented, but the *Times* is the most powerful institutional argument Reston has for his proposition that the news is not "a dispensable commodity like soap."

But that in most newspapers is what it pretty much is. The nation may have been created by pamphleeters; but it is hardly sustained by the wire services. Reston says that the power of one union to stop newspapers might be "acceptable in a meat factory." He might have thought of meat factories when he read one of the papers to which we are reduced as substitutes for the *Times*. For most of them, the process of rendering the daily news is very like the process of rendering spam.

The average newspaper is not a public utility. The revelation of that fact is a melancholy lesson of the New York press strike. The city's cocktail parties are full of men who used to be more interesting because they read the *Times* and now fairly shine with contentment at having been forced to become bores again, and at having Sunday to themselves.

One danger of so serious and sincere a concentration on a debatable public interest is that it distracts Reston from the indisputable fact of a private interest. Reston is just too casual about that meat factory. If a strike at a meat factory throws 20,000 persons out of work, theirs is a private interest which deserves to be a public concern. If the printers are irrational – and the publishers foolish and careless – the damage I am afraid is in these personal terms rather than in the inconvenience of taking Arthur Krock on television.

We have, by the way, to say "the printers" at this juncture. Powers is no longer the devil alone. He accepted a contract, somewhat sullenly to be true; and then it was turned down by his membership. Powers,

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by all accounts, fought manfully to have it sustained. So now we know what could have been suspected all along: Powers, while he was unreasonable, reflected a membership which is still unreasonable.

There is nothing sacred about labor; Reston always deserves our respect but never more than when he abstains from announcing – in the fashion favored by *Time* magazine – that he, who has always cherished the toilers, has at last had enough.

The printers are out essentially to affirm their pride as trade unionists. I recognize this while rather wishing they had more pride as craftsmen. With strike benefits and unemployment insurance, they are taking home more pay than the minimum scale when they were working. But I, who dislike newspaper printers in the majority, am very sure that the strike pay is not the real reason why they are so stubborn. Most of them would rather work or whatever they call it in the chapel. They have a notion of society's debt to them as inflated as Reston's and my own notion of journalists' contribution to society.

Newspaper publishing, Reston says, is "supposed to be one of the most reasonable elements in our society." He was wise to choose that modifying predicate. This history, if nothing else, should restrain any New York publisher from reminding us again of the slackness and indolence which cost us China and Cuba.

The city's papers had been shut down twice – for a total of 31 days – in the nine years prior to this catastrophe. In both cases the trouble had been with one small union.

The publishers dealt with a Balkan complex of independent locals. They knew that the printers had grown to resent a contract package decided for them in prior negotiations with the Newspaper Guild; Powers had, after all, run for election promising to restore the printers to leadership.

The publishers had then both the experience and the promise of "the chaotic pattern of collective bargaining" about which Reston complains. Prudent men, knowing this, might have anticipated that the crash, if it did not come this year, would come soon enough. Yet no one on either side seems to have suggested after the last strike that labor and management meet together over the next three years and try to engage their fundamental problems. They negotiate only in crisis; Reston, who is more aware of diplomatic history than I, should be able to recognize the results. No one seems to have suggested that this long war might at least have the use of resulting in a labor-management committee to consider reasonable solutions to the problems and attitudes which survive unchanged in the settlement. That sort of providence and good sense is reserved for longshoremen. MURRAY KEMPTON

Khrushchev's European Allies

by James F. Brown

If the six Soviet satellites in Eastern Europe were to be imagined in a horse race competing for the de-Stalinization stakes, then Poland would be ahead of the field. Hungary would come next, forming with Poland a pair clearly in front of any of the other competitors. As a very poor third would come Bulgaria. Then way back, almost out of sight, would come East Germany, Rumania and Czechoslovakia, all in a bunch and virtually impossible to separate, although Walter Ulbricht has recently shown signs of spurring on his seriously weakened mount.

This is an order with which few would argue. But a year from now the order might well be changed. The stereotyped Western picture of Poland's Communist Party, and particularly of its undisputed leader, Gomulka, is of a convinced liberal and national group steadfastly determined to preserve a type of Marxist government rather closer to European social-democracy than to Bolshevik Communism. Certain appearances do tend to support this view – the overwhelming preponderance of private farming, the unique position of the Catholic Church, the absence of police terror, the liveliness of intellectual life and so on. It is also true that many prominent Polish Communists are "liberal" by Communist standards; but Wladyslaw Gomulka is definitely not one of them. Though an admirable man in many respects, Gomulka is a fanatical Communist by conviction and an authoritarian by nature. He was swept back to power in October, 1956, on a wave of popular enthusiasm in which he was not even a participant, let alone a protagonist, but almost a mere bystander. Far from being stimulated by the spontaneity which elevated him, he is profoundly distrustful of it, and during the last six years he has steadily

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chipped away at the flattering monument which the Polish people (and, even more so, Western observers) had erected to him.

The so-called Polish "retrogression from October" has not been the result of Soviet pressure. It has been Gomulka's own doing and would have been faster but for his wisdom as a politician. Though the undisputed leader of his party, he is aware that, except in the realization that they need him, his party is not united but contains a number of factions and trends between which a balance must be kept. There is also the will and mood of the population of which Gomulka is very well aware. But over the past two or three years he has become more and more aloof, ruling in splendid isolation. Under him struggles within the party have been intensified. Youngish liberals like Morawksi and Albrecht have been stripped of party power, and Wladyslaw Matwin, a genuine white hope in the Central Committee Secretariat, has practically ceased to have any influence whatever. Creeping back into power have been old Stalinists like Eugeniusz Szyr, Julian Tokarski, and the notorious Kazimierz (Gas-pipe) Witaszewski. A determined group known (perhaps too loosely) in the West as Partisans, has been infiltrating into the governmental security and administrative apparatus. It seems that these types of men, anti-intellectual, in some cases anti-Semitic, in all cases in favor of more coercion and a general tightening-up in all spheres of public life, have more and more gained the ear of Gomulka, whose personal predilections, except in the case of anti-Semitism, are very much in line with their own. The seriousness of the situation is compounded by growing economic difficulties, which in turn are being used for political purposes. A sharp conflict is certainly going on which will perhaps be resolved at the next Polish Party Congress due in the spring.

By contrast, the situation in Hungary is much more promising. Here the trend is away from something bad to something better, whereas in Poland it is away from something good to something worse. Kadar's policy in Hungary seems to be based on an understanding of two things: that both his party and himself personally were despised by the population which they governed, and that the building of socialism was mainly a matter of production and the standard of living. Proceeding from there, he has made a sincere and clean break with the past in both policy and personnel. He has sought to associate the nation with the party. Non-party people are actively encouraged to take part in public life; even the highest state posts are, at least in theory, open to them. Social and class origins as selection criteria for important positions are now dismissed as unimportant. Creative cultural life is much freer and in some respects quite flourishing. From being the traitor of 1956 Kadar has become, not a hero by any means, but a leader publicly acknowledged as being quite the best which in the circumstances the country could have. The people for their part, from the bitter disillusion of 1956, have come to realize that their efforts were not altogether futile, that it is essentially they who have extracted those quite spectacular concessions from their governors. They never lost their self-respect; they seem to be regaining their self-confidence.

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Construction of Socialism

Success in this policy of associating the nation with the party would, of course, prove a great factor in achieving Kadar's second aim, that of economic construction, for the two are closely connected. Many of the most experienced and able technocrats and economists in Hungary are not in the Communist Party, and by inducing them to work in the "construction of socialism" Kadar is addressing himself to his great economic problem. But he has not stopped there. Within the party itself there has been a tremendous drive over the last year to replace old, often quite worthy but educationally innocent party officials by technically educated, mostly young party officials.

Kadar's new policy, "consecrated" at the Hungarian Party Congress last November, has been more popular among the people than among the rank and file of the party. The key has been the support he has had personally from Khrushchev. The situation of 1956 has been reversed. In the Hungarian Revolution it had Soviet support for Kadar which killed the hopes of the people: now it is Soviet support for Kadar which guarantees them a better and more decent existence.

It is this question of Soviet support, or interference, in the present period which introduces, perhaps, a new element into the Soviet Union's relations with its satellites. What is the degree to which Khrushchev is prepared to exert pressure on the Eastern European regimes to bring their domestic policies roughly into line with his own in the Soviet Union? Is the principle of satellite autonomy on internal affairs now endangered?

All the satellites are still conforming to Khrushchev's two basic requirements – supporting him on foreign and bloc policy, and not holding up any internal deviation as an example for others to follow. The most important recent foreign policy issue on whch the satellites have had to rally round the Kremlin has, of course, been that of Cuba, and here they have shown commendable solidarity. But the Cuban issue, although of vital importance, has, from a Communist point of view, also been yet another reflection of the Sino-Soviet division. On this huge question of China Khrushchev naturally demanded obedience and he got it, so much so that it

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seemed that he was using the Bulgarian, Hungarian, and Czechoslovak Party Congresses, which occurred in quick succession, deliberately to escalate the quarrel with Mao.

But has Khrushchev now instructed internal de-Stalinization as the third point of obedience? Obviously, de-Stalinization is very much at issue between him and Mao. Furthermore, Khrushchev has staked his position in his country and, to a certain extent in the whole Communist movement, on the success of his liberalization policy. If the Soviet Union is still to be the leader of the world movement, no matter in what terms this leadership may be described, then it would seem obvious that it cannot afford to see practices which it has denounced being quietly carried on in its closest satellites. Russian liberalization would seem to be very much for export.

If this is the case, there seems to have been a good deal of resistance in Eastern Europe to accepting it. It is true that Gomulka condescendingly praised and even offered a few tips on improving de-Stalinization. Kadar embraced it, and Bulgaria's Zhivkov used it as a bludgeon to batter his opponents. Even Ulbricht is belatedly showing signs of taking a few lessons. But Gheorghiu-Dej in Rumania and Novotny in Czechoslovakia have clearly shown their reluctance to do anything. This may indicate, of course, that Khrushchev is not so eager to impose the Soviet model after all, that he stands by his policy of internal autonomy even if this means Stalinism. Or we may surmise that Novotny either hoped, by ostentatiously demonstrating his loyalty on the Chinese issue, to get away with simply a few deferential bows to the new Moscow model, or that he succeeded in persuading Khrushchev that the internal political and economic situation of Czechoslovakia would not allow the luxury of genuine reform at the moment, and that Khrushchev, concerned as he has been since 1956 about political stability in the satellites, may have agreed.

All in all, Eastern Europe at the moment is a patchwork quilt so far as the domestic policies of its regimes are concerned. The irony of it is that in at least three countries the people would have been better off had the regimes' freedom of action been less.

Finally, a word about the vitally important sphere where variety, even disunity, is at its most obvious, where Soviet-satellite relations and intra-satellite relations in Eastern Europe seem to be most strained. This is the sphere of economic coordination. No one is more aware of the need for a rational and productive economic system than Khrushchev. This awareness is one of the main reasons for his entire internal policy. He also understands the need for a much more efficient do all the satellite leaders. But this is where the agreement ends. One can assume that steps will be taken to put some teeth into *Comecon* (the East European version of the Common Market), but the failure of this organization up to now has been due to nothing less than economic nationalism, the form of nationalism which, since the departure of Albania, has been the most conspicuous in the Eastern European camp. The Soviet Union's desire for a fundamental international division of labor has been met by the desire of the two most backward countries of the area, Rumania and Bulgaria, to build up an integrated industrial society on classical Communist lines. This, in turn, has met with opposition from the more advanced countries like Czechoslovakia, who object to having to bear some of the burden involved. Again, there is considerable opposition in Czechoslovakia and Hungary to the fact that some traditional branches of these industries are being discontinued and parcelled out among other partners. Economic relations between Poland and East Germany and Poland and Czechoslovakia leave much to be desired. And yet the voices raised to improved matters have been remarkably few, since each country knows that if real rationalization comes it will have to give up something. Gomulka is probably the only leader to come out strongly for real coordination, but only because he seems confident that Poland will gain from it.

This is a real problem for Khrushchev. *Comecon* can only work with a uniform system of prices and costs. It can work only if all the countries are prepared to sink some of their economic nationalism and if majority rule replaces the unanimity rule at *Comecon* sessions. But could the USSR afford to find itself in a minority on questions of vital economic importance?

Khrushchev has brought advantage both to the Soviet Union and to the satellite by cracking the Stalinist ice. But Stalin's policy was at least based on a clear idea of what Soviet-satellite relations should be. Khrushchev's policy is essentially based on improvisation. He is caught between trying to maintain the supremacy of the USSR and trying to make the camp a going concern by allowing the satellites some genuine autonomy. These two endeavors have not yet been harmonized. The satellite countries are now in a position, as they have never been before, to see that they are harmonized to their advantage.

COMING: *an artical on containing ourselves in the cold war—by David Riesman*

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Miss Toklas on her Own

by Joseph Barry

Paris

As Alice B. Toklas was the life-long companion of Gertrude Stein, so *What Is Remembered* by Alice B. Toklas is the companion of *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* by Gertrude Stein. It ends sadly and swiftly with the death of Miss Stein in the summer of 1946 ("... they took her away on a wheeled stretcher to the operating room and I never saw her again"), as in a sense, it begins with their first meeting in Paris in the fall of 1907.

What Is Remembered
by Alice B. Toklas
(Holt, Rinehart and Winston; $4)

To many who have known neither woman, except in the reading of that extraordinary tour de force of the very early 1930's, *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*, Miss Toklas, like her "autobiography," was the creation of Miss Stein – who wrote it, you might recall, in six weeks, "as simply as Defoe did the autobiography of Robinson Crusoe," unmasking herself to the reader only on the last page. Ever since, Alice Babette Toklas has been assumed to be the alter ego or "at most" the companion of the more illustrious Miss Gertrude Stein.

It is long overdue for those who know better to rectify the error or at least to rescue the concept of *companion* and return it some of its ancient richness. As one who met both in the winter of 1944 and has survived with the survivor, I offer a few observations.

Talking of two unequal mates and their dissolving marriage, Miss Toklas once referred to Henry James' disturbing remark that a couple – whether friends, lovers, or husband and wife – must live on the spiritual capital of the poorer one. It has teased me with its truth for more than a decade.

The spiritual capital of Stein and Toklas? "They were equally if differently rich. If anything, the [wealth] they shared [was] not divided but rather doubled by their sharing of it, and each was to contain the total to which each had contributed. More than Johnson and Boswell, theirs it seems to me [more than ever], was the union of Abélard and Héloise, distinguishable but one and indivisible." I said this eight years ago, coincidentally for *The New Republic*, reviewing Miss Toklas' first literary revelation, *The Alice B. Toklas Cook Book*.

The word *companion* derives from the Latin *panis* or bread. Thus a companion is a messmate, one who shares one's bread. Anyone who has shared Miss Toklas' cooking has had the supreme pleasure of her superb art. It was cooking as culture – not least of which the table conversation – and Stein savored it for almost forty years.

In her cook book, Miss Toklas says of the French what should be said of herself: "They bring to their consideration of the table the same appreciation, respect, intelligence and lively interest that they have for the other arts, for painting, for literature and for the theater." And as we shall see later, the same light, deft touch.

It was, I admit, in search of a stronger word than *companion* to describe this Platonic pair that I struck on the original Greek meaning of *hetaera*. It is nothing more – or rather nothing less – than *companion*, thus closing a circle some might call vicious. But what a conception of companion it contains!: the fullness of a relationship that makes *wife* a feeble household word.

Then there is the courage of Alice Toklas – surely the *sine qua non* of Stein's creative years when she wrestled with words and the world's indifference. No one can be unmarked by such a struggle or fail to mark anyone close at hand with it. They are the terrible years that have separated writers and their first wives (the others follow with the success), for who can forgive anyone the sight of one's weaknesses?

Stein and Toklas shared the salt as they shared the bread and later the desserts. The early difficulties are dimly visible in what Miss Toklas chooses to tell in *What is Remembered*. But it is to the courage of Stein's companion I would like to return.

The trouble with growing old, Shaw once said, is that you're always falling down – and Miss Toklas will be 86 on April 30. On the first fall she broke her hip, on the second her knee, on the third her wrist. There were fairly long periods of bored convalescence in between – and Miss Toklas has a very low boring point. The last time is typical of what I mean by style under pressure.

I came to read the mail and write some letters when I noticed that she had unusual trouble lighting a cigarette – and she prefers lighting her own. "What's the matter with your wrist?" "I think I broke it." "We should call the doctor." "Don't you do it. He won't let me go to Pierre's showing tomorrow afternoon."

Pierre Balmain, as a very young man, used to "dress" Misses Stein and Toklas during the war years, and Miss Toklas has faithfully attended his fashion openings since the first one after the liberation. So once again she went to Pierre's showing and put off the doctor until the following day.

Not so long ago she fell in her bedroom, spent the night on the floor and rang for the maid at 6:40 in the morning – twenty minutes earlier than customary, she confesses.

I who come to cheer her up depart encouraged, indeed, inspirited; so, I am sure, was Gertrude Stein many, many times. How does it happen that so small a body houses so large a will and physical courage (without which, in my experience, there is no question of moral courage)?

"I led in my childhood and youth the gently bred existence of my class and

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kind," begins Gertrude Stein's version of Alice Toklas' *Autobiography*. In her own memoirs, now before us, Miss Toklas drily spells it out.

When her pioneering grandfather ("of Polish patriotic stock") brought his young wife to San Francisco (where Alice was to be born in 1877), all the bells were ringing. Why? she asked. "Two horse thieves were being hanged on Lone Mountain, was the response."

Then there was her father and the San Francisco fire, a few days before Alice's twenty-ninth birthday and a year before her departure for Paris. Suddenly an earthquake shook their home, bringing down the chimneys and breaking the pipes. She hurried to her father's bedroom. He was asleep. "Do get up, I said to him. The city is on fire. That, said he with his usual calm, will give us a black eye in the East."

In the midst of cleaning up, Miss Alice found two tickets for a performance of *Phèdre*, starring Sarah Bernhardt. She went to it, admired the golden voice, but noted, with a sharpness that was to be life-long, the "visibly large teeth."

She was, indeed, "gently" – or better, genteelly – bred. As a girl, she once told me, she was taught to open a bottle of champagne by breaking it cleanly at the neck. Sweeping up the day after a champagne party, one was particularly careful about the diamonds in the dust. Her grandmother had studied the piano with Clara Schumann's father, she herself with a pupil of Liszt, becoming sufficiently accomplished, Virgil Thomson says, for a career as a concert pianist. But when Tante Berthe took up such a career in Vienna, she recalls, "her parents disinherited her."

This was the Alice Toklas who came to Paris at the age of 30 to meet Michael Stein's sister, Gertrude, who was 33, to leave her only at her death 39 years later.

The years between encompass the birth of cubism, with Gertrude and Alice as godmothers to Picasso's paternity, Gertrude's own revolution in writing (superbly parsed by Donald Sutherland), two world wars and the beginning of the end of the 20th Century. If Miss Toklas now contemplates her own death with tranquillity, it is because, as she says, the incomparable years are behind her.

What years they were! I have four or five pages of notes on the people she met, wives of geniuses she sat with (a title Stein once suggested for her memoirs), as well as women who were not wives of men who were not geniuses. Two of the three who were, each ringing an unmistakable bell in her mind, are, besides Gertrude, Picasso and Alfred North Whitehead.

People may be dropped, but names never – there's always a painting or at least a sketch that goes with them, a few quick lines in a manner we now call modern. Rousseau and Apollinaire, Roger Fry and Clive Bell, Lytton Strachey and George Moore, Sherwood Anderson and Ernest Hemingway, Ford Maddox Ford and Anita Loos, Matisse and Braque, T. S. Eliot and F. Scott Fitzgerald, Thornton Wilder and Edith Sitwell – they are only the half of it, and I have left off two of the most intimate, Juan Gris and Carl Van Vechten.

Life, for Alice Toklas, may not have a meaning, but it has some fine stories. However, as Gertrude Stein told Thornton Wilder (who, unlike so many of us, recorded her conversations): "Everybody's life is full of stories; your life is full of stories; my life is full of stories. They are very occupying, but they are not really interesting. What is interesting is the way everyone tells their stories."

Now, at last, it is possible to explain to the curious what a conversation with Alice Toklas is like. It is – as she is – like nothing – and no one – else. And since conversation is the essence of companionship, and her way with stories the quintessence of Miss Toklas, her memoirs tell us all we need to know about that vital aspect of her twinship with Gertrude Stein, the most germinal conversationalist I have ever known.

In a word, or two, Miss Toklas' way with a tale is light and dry. (Dryness endures; sentiment does not in a lifelong companionship.) Strung like firecrackers are stories in a few packed pages towards the end of the book, at which point Miss Toklas had to talk them to a secretary, her tired eyes permitting no alternative. They are spok-

Arrears

Far into March winds paled the laboring sun
until we hardly knew the time for wakening,
as if the work would cease if we awoke
that when we slept was done. On every river
dreaming, we could trace the traveling
of flies to summer come, the drinking sheep,
the bobbing bough, the flaky sunfall in
serenest green still slumbering like us.

We harvested the mean load, headstrong death,
and walking slept, carrying and carried on.
The sun had rammed its fires down. The men
who kept the wheat massed daytime in until
each threshing bin was swept. On and on
we crept, two beggars humping toward the moonlit house,
and dreamt that spring came full of heartspent hope,
a winter deadman shadowing the unthawed pond.

What peepers clarioned by daily marshlight
we could not understand. Days leapt between
the stalwart deadman's legs who pitched his windy arms
like afterthoughts at heaven's swamp, and could not feel
the sap flow free, as any year this time,
invisibly, in wakened hearts. It was then
we roused to see our bodies lie down chilled together
in the last moonlight of the falling house.

EDWIN HONIG

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en, not written, and they go off by themselves:

"T. S. Eliot wanted to ask Gertrude some questions about her writing and she said, Yes, go ahead. He said, Can you tell me, Miss Stein, what authority you have for so frequently using the split infinitive? Henry James, said Gertrude."

"Scott [Fitzgerald], who was not averse to giving Hem [Hemingway] a little dig, once came up to me and said, Miss Toklas I am sure you want to hear how Hem achieves his great moments. And Hem said rather bashfully, What are you up to, Scotty? He said, You tell her. And Hem said, Well, you see, it is this way. When I have an idea I turn down the flame . . . as low as it will go. Then it explodes and that is my idea."

"One day when a little American woman was at the house, [Paul] Robeson was there. It was something of a contretemps as she was so very Southern. She asked Robeson, You are from the South, are you not? Oh no, said Robeson, I was born and raised in New Jersey. What a pity, said she. Not for me, said Robeson."

And on Hollywood: "The film directors gathered around Miss Stein and said, We would like to know how you came to have your enormous popularity, and she said, By having a small audience, whereupon they shoved their chairs away from her."

Last night I asked Miss Toklas how Gertrude (or she) could have remembered so well every word of conversation spoken so many years before.

"You forget," she said wickedly, "that for Gertrude words counted."

FILMS

Where are the Irish?

Two pictures from Ireland underscore a little-noted fact: there is, in effect, no Irish film. It is a nation crammed with fascinating histrionism, some of which is on the stage; a nation rich in dramatists. The commonest of truisms is that the great English comic writers are Irish: Sheridan, Goldsmith, Farquhar, Wilde, Shaw. (And Shaw's Mrs. O'Flaherty claimed that Shakespeare was

The Playboy of the Western World (Janus)
The Quare Fellow (Astor)

born in Cork.) There are film studios in Ireland used mainly by British and Americans. There are Irish technicians, some Irish directors. Why are there not more and better Irish films – a body of work comparable to what other European countries have produced?

Poverty cannot be the sole reason; no country in postwar Europe was poorer than Italy, which was deep in film production before foreign aid was realized. Neutrality in war, which some assert is a national soporific, cannot be the reason; look at Sweden. Censorship is a more likely reason. It is a standing joke among writers in England that failure to have your book banned in Ireland is an intellectual disgrace. In a Dublin workshop I have seen a huge stained-glass window intended for a League of Nations building years ago, which was prohibited from representing Ireland abroad because one of its many panels contains a bare-breasted woman. Yet censorship has not stifled the Irish theater, which manages to thrive and survive.

Another reason for the lack of Irish films is suggested by the screen version of Synge's *The Playboy of the Western World*. Of all speakers of English, the Irish are certainly the most word-intoxicated. Synge himself has recorded how he picked up locutions from farmers and tinkers and beggars. In the preface to *The Playboy* he said:

> "When I was writing *The Shadow of the Glen* . . . I got more aid than any learning could have given me from a chink in the floor of the old Wicklow house where I was staying, that let me hear what was being said by the servant girls in the kitchen . . . In a good play every speech should be as fully flavored as a nut or apple, and such speeches cannot be written by anyone who works among people who have shut their lips on poetry. In Ireland, for a few years more, we have a popular imagination that is fiery, and magnificent, and tender . . ."

That was written in 1907, and there is small indication that the love of language and gift of phrase are dwindling.

But the film is not primarily a verbal medium. In the theater – outside of its classic mode, at least – one says generally only what one cannot show. In the film one can show even more and thus needs to say even less. The kinetics of the form may run counter to the Irish temperament.

The Playboy, besides illustrating yet again the difficulty of transposing good plays to the screen, highlights this conflict between the Irish national genius and the film form. These characters exist not only in their speeches but in their use of speech as a certification of existence. It is verbal opera, with arias *seriatim*. The dialogue could not be much condensed for the picture because the plot would be meaningless without the fullness of the context, which means the fullness of the lan-

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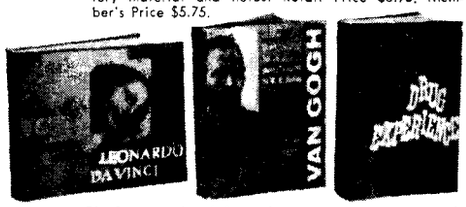

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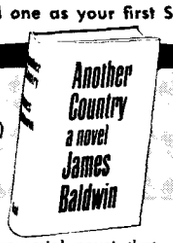

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guage. It would be like cutting to the plot of an opera; and as with opera, it is comfortable on the stage, uncongenial on the screen.

Nothing about the production compensates. Brian Desmond Hurst has directed dully. Even the outdoor scenes seem static. The camera focusses on the slope of a sand dune; then two characters come over the top of the dune and sit in the center of the focus. Simple details are slovenly; inside the tavern we see through the open doorway that the sky has a wrinkle in it. The cast is mediocre, with Niall McGinnis the best as mad Old Mahon. Siobhan McKenna is considered by some a great actress; to me she is sometimes a satisfactory one. Here she again leaves me unstirred, with her obvious and somewhat labored effects, her heavy unexpressive features. Additionally, Pegeen Mike is supposed to be "a wild-looking but fine girl of about twenty." Miss McKenna looks no more wild than, alas, she looks twenty; she seems the coeval of the Widow Quin, which badly unbalances the drama. In another curious piece of casting Gary Raymond, an English actor, plays Christy and is so worried about his Irish accent, which keeps wearing thin, that he has little ebullience and vigor.

An American, Arthur Dreifuss, wrote the screen play of Brendan Behan's *The Quare Fellow* and directed it. An Englishman, Anthony Havelock-Allan, produced it. An English actress, Sylvia Syms, has the leading female role. But it was made in Ireland from an Irish original and mostly with Irish actors, so I think it must be called an Irish picture. I cannot compare it with the play because I left after the first act of the miserable London production. The film sustains interest. It tells of a country youth, just arrived in Dublin to be a prison guard, who has dewy eye-for-an-eye concepts of justice. As he accompanies an older guard and is concerned with the hanging of a murderer, his views change. The story involves him with the condemned man's wife who is lodging nearby. The plotting creaks, but the prison atmosphere is created dismally well, and the result is a passable if unexceptional little sermon against the rope. Walter Macken, the actor who is also well-known as a novelist and playwright, is substantial as the older, sadder guard.

As film *The Quare Fellow* is much better than *The Playboy;* the material and the method are much better suited to the form. But it is only a modestly acceptable picture, not remotely comparable with other Irish achievements in drama and literature. Besides, the language is only American-pared Behan.

The Irish film, in any large consequential sense, does not yet exist. (Macken's recent *Home Is the Hero,* in which he starred, only confirms this.) What is needed perhaps is a transmutation of the Irish poetic sense from flow of word to flow of vision; the dramatic sense is already there in abundance. If the new medium ever truly touches Irish fancy and anger, the small country may have as disproportionately large an effect on films as it has had on other arts. STANLEY KAUFFMANN

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TELEVISION

Schola Videotica

I have been interested in some of the scholastic programs on Educational TV in New York, which are largely provided by the educational authorities. I am told by the staff of Channel 13 (WNDT) that, for reasons of charter and finances and because the programs are used in classrooms and enable students to get college credits, the station has neither the possibility nor responsibility to buck those authorities. And who are they? They are the administrative bureaucracy of the New York School system; teachers of Education who are not the brightest breed in the academic world and the dominant powers in Universities that are currently concerned with apprentice-training and test-passing. Add to these auspices the levelling tendencies and the human distance of the broadcasting medium itself, and the prospect of Educational TV is dim. Most of what I have seen, on both the elementary and college levels, is poor. (One has a stubborn suspicion besides, that the enthusiasm for audio-visual "adjuncts" to teaching, as for the teaching machines, contains a sneaking hope to save money on teachers and short-change the students still further, or at least to channel the money to the corporations that manufacture the machines. They certainly engage in some fierce promotion.)

By and large, the elementary programs are inefficient. What is conveyed in half an hour would be taught by a fairly competent teacher in ten minutes – presumably the teacher is present anyway, in body if not in spirit – and an independent teacher must find himself dispensing with these "adjuncts" as too time-consuming. The college-level lectures are not much worse than the run-of-the-mill lectures to huge classes that have become common in the universities anyway, allowing for neither questioning nor back-talk. A good student would get more by reading a mimeographed lecture at leisure.

The problem, really, is to find the educational justification for the use of TV at all. Occasionally there are moments that do, in my opinion, enrich the resources of the usual classroom. Let us try to get at these.

Scholastic TV has the endemic fault of being below the intellectual powers and needs of the audience at which it is ostensibly aimed. For example, a program on how to teach the paragraph ("TV for Teachers" serial) might be quite instructive for junior high school kids. A teacher would have to

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know the logical, poetic, and perhaps psychological functions of paragraphing in order flexibly to analyze real texts; but one would not guess that from this program. Here, a carefully rehearsed class gives correct responses to routine questions, but no instruction is offered teachers who are invariably faced with the recalcitrant, the erring, the spontaneous. A student watching such a simulated class might get the advantage of being able to identify alternately with the teacher and the students, in a way that he cannot in his own class. (In another Channel 13 lesson, however – eurhythmics, for smaller children – there *is* presented a class and teacher, but here it is useless, for in the physical activity the watchers can only be spectators.)

To give another example, a series of college lectures on the American Economy – this used to run on one of the commercial networks – is largely rationalization of the *status quo* and is totally inadequate for collegians who are going to be citizens, producers, and consumers; but these lectures might stretch the mind of a high school youngster and teach him the basic standard myths.

Like articles in the mass-magazines, the scholastic programs often have "arresting" leads that are invariably irrelevant if not insulting. The lesson on paragraphing is led into by an idiotic distraction of children guessing riddles. (A paragraph is a riddle till you find the key, get it?) A simple lesson on the lever begins with a cute puppet moving a hamster-cage, during which elaborate business the lengths happen to be incorrect and contradict the law that the lesson is about to teach. The lesson itself is good, but unaccountably fails to quantify the results, although the experiment is set up precisely for measuring the lengths and counting the weights, and I learn from the Channel 13 *Manual for Teachers* that the lesson is aimed at Grade 3, when the children are able to multiply small numbers. But the chief problem about this lever lesson is why it exists on TV at all, since any classroom would have the required apparatus and the experiment could be done live, with the children participating. Indeed, the *Manual* declares that "the materials listed for use with the telecasts are readily found in the classroom"; that is, after the class has wasted time watching on TV, the teacher is supposed to do the experimenting anyway and, let us hope, mathematize it.

A science lesson for younger grades, on frogs, starts with guff about the wonderful spring that has come and the buds and birds, exactly in the manner of approved children's-"books." (It happened to be a nasty March day in New York.) But this show has remarkable pictures of hibernation in an ice-filled tank, so that TV here justifies itself for five minutes, since the frogs and apparatus would *not* be usually available. Certainly an actual experiment is better than a movie of it, but the documentary of an experiment not practical in the classroom is much better than mere description.

Unfortunately, the hibernation lesson itself illustrates another defeat endemic in TV, the avoidance of the untoward and painful. During the experiment, a child would think and might say, "Will they die? Are they dead?" This, of course, must go unmentioned on the show. A good teacher would cope with the question as it arose.

Another common TV-defect, apparent in the frogs but absent in the lever, is going too fast, mentioning and skipping past material that might be dwelt on and wondered at, for example, the frog's eyes resting above the water, with a wealth of possibility to discuss refraction, natural selection, and so forth. In this respect, I suggest, the TV lesson is no different than the lesson-units of formal syllabi and other programmed teaching.

Again, as if to justify its existence, the TV lesson has to be "visual," when the visual adds nothing or even distracts. In paragraphing, a large cardboard key is hung on a nail next to the "Key Sentence." In a lesson in civics, "What Does Your City Do For You?", the municipal departments are numerated with accompanying stills of a subway train, the Staten Island Ferry, the Alfred E. Smith public housing – all of which add nothing and cannot even be marked up as they could be in a textbook. In the same lesson, however, there is an entirely too brief photographic tour of City Hall, which is rele-

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vant because the architecture is relevant and visually exploring it makes sense. (This is the kind of thing that BBC does so beautifully.)

I watched two language lessons. The Russian, college level (Fordham), proceeds by the old method of syntax and grammar, the teacher carefully writing out the exercises that the watchers are supposed to have done in their workbooks, and carefully pronouncing the sentences. This was a fairly adequate substitute for a live teacher; it is more comfortable to take in the lesson in one's room with coffee than in a classroom.

The French lesson, junior high level, is quite brilliant and would add to any classroom. The teacher is exceptionally charming and humorous – with a droll melancholy, very different from a detergent ad, "Hier, j'ai fait la vaiselle; aujourd'hui je fais la vaiselle; demain je vais faire la vaiselle." This suggests another justification for TV, the broadcasting of exceptional personalities. But the chief excellence of the show is a scene in a Parisian café – father and daughter ordering tea and a brioche – rich with spirit and local color, rapid speech adequately analyzed and repeated, and delightfully acted in the style of the Comédie Française. This is a high grade documentary that also teaches French. (My taste is infallible; I have learned, since writing the above, that this series, "Parlons Français," is not used in the New York school system but is run because the staff of Channel 13 happens to like it!)

Finally, I will mention a show from Boston Educational TV that I have heard widely praised, though I have not seen it. This is a college lesson on the theory of comedy presenting actual (funny) comic situations and then analyzing them. In principle, here is the ideal case: the TV presents the aesthetic fact itself and then studies it. Consider a useful first-remove from this ideal case: kinescope scenes from the McCarthy hearings or a Kennedy press-conference, analyzed as the subject-matter for a lesson in civics or political science; more generally, any documentaries of actuality used not for mere illustration but as the subject of study. This is properly using the medium for teaching.

Most of the usual thinking in Educational TV has a false premise, that the picture of a lesson (of a teacher talking) is a lesson; and the photographed "lesson" is then embellished with visual effects and perhaps dramatic effects. What results is too inferior to the usual classroom instruction to be useful; it omits too many major factors: live contact, singling out of individual students, questioning, talking back, following where the learning spontaneously leads, group-learning. It is terribly passive, and the more "entertaining" the worse. Educational TV must find its justification not as a perhaps cheap substitute and not as a picturesque adjunct, but as providing indispensable material itself or showing things not otherwise easily available.

In my next account, I shall discuss the adult, non-scholastic programming of Channel 13. This is the only television that we have in New York free of commercial sponsorship. PAUL GOODMAN

THEATER

Revivals: Good, Bad, and Insufferable

A trio of revivals in rising order of interest, the first with a note of caution.

Strange Interlude: One of the advantages of the weekly over the daily reviewer is the opportunity he has to temper his immediate responses with more judicious reflections; but on the present occasion, the advantage is wholly lost. Having been cruelly hammered into the ground for five groggy hours – during which time I was too craven to astonish the audience's infuriating piety with a few purgative guffaws – I am still shaking with suppressed rage, four days after the event. I must therefore beg the reader's indulgence for what is certain to be a most immoderate display of spleen.

Strange Interlude by Eugene O'Neill
(Hudson Theater)
Too True To Be Good
by George Bernard Shaw
(54th Street Theater)
Six Characters in Search of An Author
by Luigi Pirandello
(Martinique Theater)

Strange Interlude is not only the worst play O'Neill ever wrote; it may be the worst play *ever* written by a major dramatist. One of those ill-born monstrosities O'Neill squeezed out before he began to think like a dramatic artist instead of like a sophomore in psychology, the play examines the bleak mental terrain of some of the most vacant characters ever assembled on a single stage, employing a rhetoric which combines the tremulous climaxes of soap opera ("For the sake of your future happiness and my son's I've got to speak! Your engagement forces me to! It's because the marriage is impossible"), the gushy confessions found in back copies of *True Romances* ("That last night before he sailed – in his arms until my body ached – kisses until my lips were numb"), and, most painful of all, the anti-language of psychoanalyese ("She needs normal love objects for the emotional life Gordon's death blocked up in her"). Actually, O'Neill's characters are stereotypes from pulp fiction (consider their very names: Nina Leeds, Gordon Evans, Edmund Darrell, etc.), who were inspired less by James Joyce, I suspect, than by Molly Bloom's favorite author, Paul de Kock. What O'Neill tried to do was dignify, through psychological complication, a trivial bourgeois she-tragedy about a willful, neurotic woman and the weak men she leads around by the nose (a kind of *Nina Faces Life*, as one wit put it); but his characters exist less for themselves than for their author's collegiate gen-

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Joseph Barry *is Paris correspondent of* The New York Post. Edwin Honig *has published two books of his own poems and is the author of a study of Lorca just issued in a paperback edition by New Directions.*

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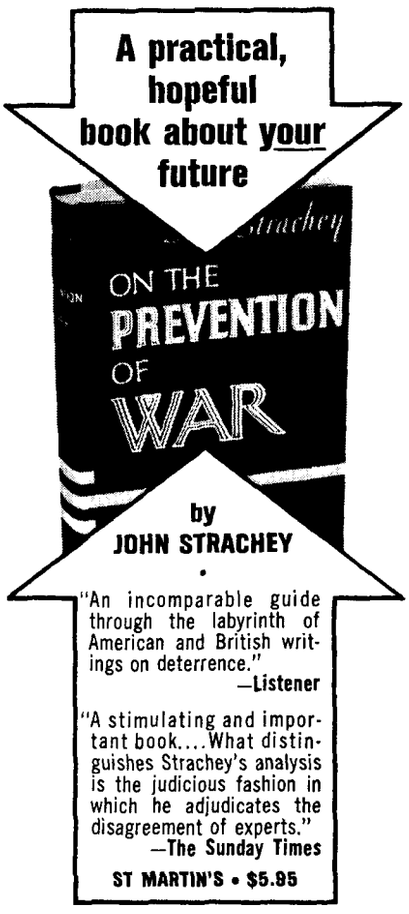
eralizations about "Life." They are not human beings, but pseudo-ideas; and like the windy novelist, Marsden, who tells us fifty times about his mother fixation, they endlessly iterate their single animating concept. Still they are more fortunate than the audience, which is also subjected to their *unspoken* thoughts (equally dreary), through O'Neill's clumsy, self-conscious use of non-dramatic asides and soliloquies. Nine acts of blah-blah-blah, with a melodramatic climax (son hitting father) to persuade you you've seen a play.

The most charitable way to treat the current production is to say that no actor can fertilize sterile material; but it is difficult to be charitable when the Actors Studio Theater actually elected to stir these dead remains for its initial production. It was an obvious choice, considering the studio's quasi-Freudian ambiance. Still, the performance is a shambles: star-infected and under-rehearsed in precisely the manner of that commercial theater the group is pretending to reform. The actors, though they have been working together for years, give no signs of ensemble consciousness, and all are frozen in the stylized attitudes which first brought them to public attention.

As Nina, Geraldine Page has fallen back on her old mannerisms; the neurasthenic fluttering, the quick emotional breakdown, the clicking sounds, the quavering voice rising and falling on selected syllables. Once again, Pat Hingle, as Nina's husband, is playing the loud, brash, All-American simpleton; once again, Ben Gazzara, as Nina's stud, is playing the sinister matinee heavy (though in the process of breaking the role to his movie personality, he does achieve the only few moments of crispness). Franchot Tone is befuddled as Nina's father; William Prince sententiously dull as Marsden; and Geoffrey Horne and Jane Fonda emotionally shallow as a pair of young lovers. David Hays has designed some tacky, transparent settings, possibly as a comment on the play; and Jose Quintero's direction alternates between the reverential, the ponderous, the ludicrous, and the loud, reaching its decibel climax in the eighth act ("that incomparable comedy scene at the Boat races," as Robert Benchley described it, "when people begin dropping dead") in an orgy of screams, shouts, and groans. It was the original Broadway audience which was really responsible for this play, since it pampered and indulged O'Neill's pretensions before his genius had a chance to mature; and since that audience continues to dominate our theater, the play continues to inspire the perfect middlebrow tableau: hundreds of goofy admirers huddled around an Emperor completely naked of intellect or art.

Too True To Be Good: A more accomplished galaxy of star personalities, most of them miscast, are currently whooping it up at the expense of one of Shaw's lesser plays. As read, *Too True To Be Good* has genuine moments of interest, but it rambles aimlessly, has no intrinsic form, and suffers from the author's indecision over whether to write a light Gilbertian comedy or to express the intense, almost nihilistic bitterness which was gnawing at his soul during the dark days of 1932. Not one to disturb the complacency of an audience, Albert Marre, the director, has solved Shaw's dilemma by updating the play to the present, and by cutting out all its more depressing ideas, including Shaw's reflections on disease, the cruelty and madness of World War I, the futility of the Geneva negotiations, the spiritual dislocation caused by Einstein's discoveries, the discouragement of the young, and his own emotional bankruptcy.

Having thus amputated the philosophical limbs of the play, its most interesting features, Marre is able to pass off Shaw's "Political Extravaganza" as what the program calls "A Modern Comedy." It is now a pleasant, apolitical bromide – a cartoon, complete with musical comedy set, merry bridge music, and animated sequences (à la *Oh Dad*, etc.) by Abner Dean – about a group of beach bums loafing on some North African seacoast, unaccountably bored, probably by too much sun and surf. Since this vacationer's comedy could have been written by anybody, one is willing to overlook such problems as Eileen Heckart's unsuccessful struggle with a Cockney accent, Cedric Hardwicke's epic battle with his dentures, Robert Preston's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identifiably Midwestern charm and energy, and David Wayne's image of T. E. Lawrence as a mischievous leprechaun (though the latter interpretation is one for which Shaw is largely to blame). Glynis Johns, as a screeching invalid, however, and Cyril Ritchard, as a supercilious British Colonel, are so good in a clean Shavian vein that I should like to have seen them in the play the author originally wrote.

Six Characters in Search of An Author: Ever since the time, eight years ago, when that old whipmaster, Tyrone Guthrie, transformed Pirandello's tragi-comedy of the theater into an animal circus with magical acts, this play has been in search of a director; in William Ball, it has found one to redeem that other ill-conceived event. Ball's current revival of *Six Characters* is the most splendid directorial work of the season, and if this seems like faint praise, let me add that it restores one's belief in a meticulous theater artistry. Ball brings to his work the flamboyant theatricality of the young Orson Welles, along with values that Welles often lacked – exquisite taste, and abiding respect for an author's intention. From the initial appearance of the six, bathed in an eerie luminous halo and undulating like black waves of mourning, until the moment when the panic-stricken director scurries out of the house, leaving a bridge of spots swaying ominously over an empty stage, an atmosphere is sustained so brilliantly that one cannot even pause to admire the precision of the workmanship or the imaginativeness of the approach. Yet, precision and imagination are abundantly displayed, accompanied by a firm, controlling intelligence taking infinite pains.

This rare intelligence is clear enough in the production scheme, which solves a vexing theatrical problem. Pirandello's satire on stage illusion, paradoxically, demands an illusionistic stage; the spectators must be persuaded that an actual rehearsal is in progress at which they themselves are not present. Because of this, and because Pirandello wrote for a uniquely Italian theater, the play has never been satisfactorily adapted to American stage conditions. But in Paul Avila Mayer's very sensible translation, the action has been removed to an off-Broadway theater, where a group of expiremental actors, dominated by a fussy, intellectualistic director in pipe pants, are rehearsing a stylized avant-garde drama, before an invited audience of college students. Furthermore, when the six characters arrive, the actors are permitted to have human reactions to them; and, unlike the hammy matinee idols of Guthrie's production, they try to enact the characters' roles with some conviction, employing the fashionable techniques of "sense memory" and "emotional recall." Thus, the histrionic reality is not simply a burlesque of actual reality; it is just inadequate to it. And if the actor-character relationship is less comic than it might be, it is much more real.

This reality is further amplified by the characters who, in this version, make even the rather tedious first act background exposition the occasion for dramatic tension. The family's memories, for example, are no longer narrated but enacted – even the Stepdaughter's appeals to the "Author" (represented on stage by an empty white chair) are fully represented. As for the two scenes the "Author" actually wrote – the one in Mme. Pace's

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dress-shop, the other in the garden – these mount to a feverish climactic excitement, as The Father, entering with the bedside manner of a well-paid physician, comes to seduce the Stepdaughter, and, later, the Boy shoots himself, falling off a ladder after a hair-raising chase. The lighting designer, Jules Fisher, is a master of his craft, and the entire cast is superb. But I do wish the director had persuaded the actors to forego the curtain calls. To reintroduce the conventions of the stage after such reality is to let the audience wriggle away when it was firmly in your grasp.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

Correspondence

Powell and the Congress

Sirs:

Although I am no longer going to Tanganyika as USIA public affairs officer, I hope that my opinion on the questions you raise in your editorial note to my letter on Rep. Adam Clayton Powell will still be considered interesting.

I am remaining as editor of *The Washington Afro-American* because I received (the week prior to the time my appointment was to take effect) an overwhelming demonstration of confidence and support from the Negro community in this city. A group of civic, political, and business leaders, both white and colored, banded together to solicit several thousand dollars in advertising and subscription contracts (all signed) which they presented to our publisher to induce me to stay at an increased salary. This was accomplished in 48 hours.

While this is not pertinent to the case of Rep. Powell, I point this out because this newspaper has been and continues to be a staunch supporter of Mr. Powell. Apparently, there are quite a few people – certainly not all of those who supported the movement to keep me as editor – who agree with our editorial position on the Harlem representative.

"Is an irresponsible use of a Congressional privilege by a Negro chairman of a Congressional committee to be ignored or condoned because there are white Congressmen who are equally guilty?" Absolutely not. Censure them. But when Rep. Adam Powell is being assailed on the floor of the Senate and the Congress, let's just see some of these same attacks be directed to each and every one of the white Congressmen who are currently enjoying the identical abuses and have been for years and years and years – even before there was an Adam Clayton Powell.

"Should no criticism of a Negro be made that is not accompanied by criticism of whites?" Certainly not and that is not an issue in this case.

> "And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?
>
> "Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye."

That's one way of looking at it, but Negroes in America resent very deeply – and I know I resent the HELL out of it – for a group of bigots from the South to get up on the floor and begin criticizing a man who has devoted his whole life to the fight for racial equality when they are in the United States Congress because black people in their constituencies can not vote. One of the chairmen of a House Committee has practiced and is practicing right now some fantastic abuses of his Congressional privilege. Yet, nobody has attacked him because he is a Southerner. We as Negroes say let's be fair. Let's criticize everybody who is doing wrong – if this is "wrong." But don't single us out. We ask for equal treatment and that includes the right to be criticized when we're wrong. But I fail to understand the morality of a society that condemns a colored man for doing something when he is virtually surrounded by those doing the same thing and there is no criticism of them.

"Should we refrain from censuring a public official because he is a Negro?" Of course not. Censure him as a public official, not as a *Negro* public official. And Rep. Powell is being censured solely because he is a Negro. Irrefut-

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able proof of this statement is the fact that members of both Houses have seen fit to denounce him for spending "abuses" when they themselves have long been cognizant of comparable abuses among their closest friends.

The trouble with the attacks on Adam Powell are their motivations – unequivocally racial in conception. If all of our well-intentioned white friends were sincere, they would be more concerned about the "Uncle Toms" who have been selected as "leaders" by the white community rather than by ourselves.

When we see some of these "handkerchief heads" being attacked, by some of these same white leaders, then and only then will we be convinced of the objectivity of the political cannonading of Rep. Powell.

C. Sumner Stone, Jr.
Editor
Washington Afro-American

Aid to Parochial Schools

Sirs:

I am greatly surprised at the lack of logic shown by Mr. Douglas J. Roche and The Rev. Daniel S. Hamilton in letters of March 9.

Everyone is taxed for public education and everyone has an equal right to use it – without "discrimination." If some don't use what is theirs, they are to blame.

If government grants were made to Catholic parochial schools, the government would be forcing me to support with my tax money a religion which I think is false.

Helen C. Brooks
Boston, Massachusetts

Our Invisible Poor

Sirs:

Some of your readers might like to know that reprints are now available of "Our Invisible Poor," a survey of American poverty I recently published in the *New Yorker* which TRB was kind enough to mention in a recent column. Price is cost – 10 cents a copy – minimum order 20; checks and orders direct to me at the *New Yorker*, 25 West 43 St., New York 36, NY. Thanks for inserting this note.

Dwight Macdonald
New York, N. Y.

Voting and the Poll Tax

Sirs:

There is a basic contradiction in your March 9 TRB column, which commented that the anti-poll tax proposal would soon be ratified by the states to become the 24th Amendment to the Constitution, and then bemoaned this development on the grounds that the amendment procedure is too slow for civil rights purposes.

It is a mistake to consider the anti-poll tax amendment as strictly a "civil rights" measure, as it will do much more than merely protect the voting rights of Negroes. The fact is that the five states which still have the poll tax are consistently among the lowest in voter participation, and the amendment will serve to foster more democratic participation among all citizens of these states.

Experience has demonstrated that whenever any state eliminates the poll tax restriction, voting participation increases – and this could assume a very practical importance in the near future. For example, in Texas only 43.4 percent of the population voted in the 1960 presidential election, and the margin in this pivotal state was razor thin. If the poll tax is eliminated in Texas by 1964, it may be very important to the outcome of the presidential election.

Moreover, TRB's fears that the Congress may seek to avoid full responsibility for civil rights issues by proposing them in the form of constitutional amendments are not borne out by the facts. So far in this session 19 amendments have been proposed in the Senate. Eleven of these would provide long-overdue reforms of the methods of electing Presidents and Vice Presidents. Two others concern the critical problem of presidential inability. The others involve various constitutional problems which cannot be resolved by means of simple legislation. None of them concern civil rights.

You may be assured that the constitutional amendments procedure will retain its role as a valuable method of making basic adjustments in our form of government.

Estes Kefauver, Chairman
Senate Subcommittee on
Constitutional Amendments

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